

Victor Hugo's
Immortal Classic:

"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME"

A Screenplay
Adapted from the Novel

by

Michael Frost Beckner

Jim Gorman, Producer

25 December 1992

Look not at the face,
Young maiden, look at the heart:
The heart of a handsome man
is often deformed.
There are hearts that cannot hold
love for long.

Young maiden, the pine tree is not handsome
Nor fair like the poplar;
But it keeps its leaves in wintertime.

Alas, why say that?
Beauty loves only beauty--
What is not fair ought not to be--
April turns her back on January.

Beauty is perfect;
Beauty can do all.
Beauty is the only thing that does not
live by halves.
The raven flies only by day,
The owl, only by night,
The swan flies night and day.

Victor Hugo, The Hunchback of Notre-Dame

FADE IN:

EXT. A CATHEDRAL - DAWN

In the instant before the first rays of sunlight burn through the gray cowl of night the SCREEN READS:

"PARIS, 1467"

Then, beams of golden light like the swords of archangels come shooting through arches, between columns, across the brows of saints and kings, bringing to life this magnificent edifice. Now we see--

THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME

Successively and at once, we see three deep Gothic doors; the decorated and indented band of twenty-eight royal niches; the immense central rose-window, flanked by two lateral ones; the lofty and fragile gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its delicate columns; finally--

THE TWO MASSIVE TOWERS

thrusting toward God, all these harmonious parts of one magnificent whole, rising one above the other in five gigantic stories.

EXT. THE LEFT ENTRANCE - MORNING

Opposite the great stone image of St. Christopher--

A WOODEN SIGN READS: "FOUNDLINGS"

A pitiful WHIMPERING rises from beneath it, but whatever it is that is CRYING, it is blocked from view by the gray-habited backs of four nuns: JEHANNE, AGNES, GAUCHERE and HENRIETTE.

JEHANNE

My goodness, sisters, what's the world coming to if that's the way they make children nowadays?

AGNES

I don't know much about children, but I'm sure it's a sin to look at this one.

THEIR LOOMING FACES

are revealed, old and mean.

GAUCHERE

It's not a child at all, Agnes. It's a deformed ape.

Their expressions range from disgust to horror, terrifying the unseen foundling whose whimpers become HEART-WRENCHING WAILS.

HENRIETTE

It's screaming loud enough to deafen a choirmaster.

AGNES

My God! Those poor nurses at the orphanage! Suppose someone were to take them this little beast to suckle-- I'd rather suckle a vampire!

GAUCHERE

Don't be a fool, Agnes! This little monster is at least four years old. It would rather have a piece of bloody meat than your breast.

Of course Gauchere is quite right--

THE LITTLE "MONSTER"

is not a newborn baby at all. On a wooden bed situated in the pavement beneath the sign, lies a little, angular, writhing mass, imprisoned in a canvas bag, with only its head peeping out. The head is unutterably deformed: a forest of red hair, one eye, a mouth and some jutting teeth.

THE EYE

weeps; the mouth SCREAMS; and the gnashing teeth want only to bite.

HENRIETTE

Whatever it is, it isn't Christian. It should be thrown in the river or burned.

All the while CITIZENS on their way to mass have been crowding around the group of nuns and the foundling, and as Henriette pronounces her sentence--

A noblewoman, DAME ALOISE DE GONDELAURIER, holding by the hand her pretty little daughter of six, FLEUR-DE-LYS, stops before entering the church, casting a disdainful eye at the unfortunate creature. Turning away in disgust--

MADAME DE GONDELAURIER

I thought only children were allowed to be left here.

The growing mass of citizens can't help but laugh. The KING'S NOTARY and HIS WIFE proceed into the church with--

HIS WIFE

It has only one eye, and over the other a giant wart!

THE KING'S NOTARY

That's not a wart. It's an egg which contains another demon just like this one, which has another egg containing another devil, and so on.

(to the crowd)

Mark my words: great disasters will descend upon us all because of this demon!

The crowd falls silent. Some make the sign of the cross. An OLD WOMAN gasps and mutters--

THE OLD WOMAN

Good heavens! We already had such a terrible plague last year, and this year they say the English are planning to invade!

A FEARFUL MURMUR runs through the crowd. Then loudly so that all might hear--

HENRIETTE

It would be better for the people of Paris if that little sorcerer there were lying upon a bonfire, rather than on the steps of our church!

THE OLD WOMAN

Yes! A fine flaming pyre!

VOICES

Burn the monster!/Destroy the foundling!/Let's kill it now!

As the crowd presses in, the foundling struggles in its sack, terror screeching from its lungs, tears pouring from its eye, when suddenly--

A YOUNG PRIEST

his face severe, his forehead broad, his bald head ringed by a wreath of unnaturally gray hair, pushes his way silently through the crowd. The people freeze. Kneeling beside the wooden cradle, fixing the foundling with his piercing eyes, the young priest stretches a hand out over him. The little "monster" stops crying. The young priest is moved by a feeling of deep compassion, and--

THE YOUNG PRIEST

I'll adopt this child.

And wrapping him in his cassock the young priest rises. As the bystanders look on in horror, the young priest swiftly carries the child around the side of the church and through the Porte-Rouge (the Red Door) which leads to the cloister.

For a moment no one speaks, then breaking the spell the four nuns move into the church with--

JEHANNE

They say that young priest is the most learned man in Paris.

HENRIETTE

Claude Frollo? He'll be archdeacon before the year is out.

AGNES

It doesn't seem possible, a man so young.

GAUCHERE

Anything's possible for Claude Frollo... Didn't I tell you, he's a sorcerer.

Soon everyone is inside the church. Accompanied by an ORGAN, the CHOIR sings and the MASS begins. It is only then we see--

THE HUNDREDS OF HIDEOUS GARGOYLES AND MONSTERS

frozen on their perches; in mid-lunge off the ramparts; gruesomely transmogrifying from the very stone; their beaks are agape, their fangs bared and their claws are ready to rip apart mortal flesh. The foundling child has come home.

CUT TO:

INT. NOTRE-DAME - MORNING

Cast in the divine light that pours through the huge, multi-colored rose window high in the south wall, the young priest, CLAUDE FROLLO, stands at the altar finishing the MASS.

As the people begin filing out, Frollo faces the altar, genuflects, crosses himself, then quickly retreats into--

INT. THE CLOISTER - MORNING

Lying atop a table, still bound in his sack, the foundling turns his frightened eye at Frollo's approach.

CLAUDE FROLLO

I imagine you'd like out of this sack...

Pulling the child from the canvas bag, Claude Frollo's compassion swells.

There is neither disgust nor horror in his face as he looks upon this deformed boy.

The poor little rascal has no neck. His head is pushed down between his shoulders, his spine crooked, his breastbone protruding, and his legs are bowed. He BABBLES INCOHERENTLY; more the sound of an animal than of a human.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Well, you seem healthy enough anyhow.

Frollo raises the boy so that their faces are but inches apart.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

This being Quasimodo Sunday where we say our mass in celebration of children not yet born-- not yet human... I shall baptize you Quasimodo. Would you like that, little one?

The imperfect creature quiets, giving Frollo the twisted semblance of a smile and--

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - A SERIES OF SHOTS

beginning with--

QUASIMODO'S BAPTISM

then depicting the next ten years of the hunchback's life, portraying over the course of time the intimate bond that grows between the hunchback and the church. Glimpsed beneath--

GLOOMY DARK ARCHES

the small child drags himself tortuously and tumblingly between them like a native reptile of the damp dark stone floor; something akin to the frightening shadows of--

FANTASTIC CARVED BEASTS

that watch him from the walls. Quasimodo whispers in a gargoyle's ear. He smiles: these are his playmates, these his friends. But this happiness doesn't spread to--

THE CHURCHGOERS OF PARIS

As they come for mass they hatefully kick and strike Quasimodo; otherwise perfect CHILDREN, Fleur-de-Lys among them, throw rocks and garbage brought specially for the purpose of tormenting the demented hunchbacked child. They send him scurrying for cover.

Then, as they leave, their mean eyes again seek out--

QUASIMODO

where he hides. They JEER, LAUGH and spit until he BELLOWS like a BULL and charges. They run away squealing with terror. Still, he has the love of his adoptive father--

CLAUDE FROLLO

stands behind him, patient with his one-eyed, hunchbacked, and lame son. He watches Quasimodo sleeping upon his mattress in the lofty tower, or crawling along--

THE CATHEDRAL'S FACADE

With the spires and rooftops of Paris below, Quasimodo gently and easily scales the towers like a lizard gliding along a wall. Jumping, climbing and playing over the abysses of--

THE GIGANTIC CATHEDRAL

it is as though this were the beast and Quasimodo its tamer, yet like a snail growing to the shape of his shell, as he grows Quasimodo seems to take on the twisted Gothic shape of the cathedral, until on the day of his fourteenth birthday--

INT. THE FLOOR OF THE BELLTOWER - DAY

as he squats in a circle of sunlight among the twelve bell-ropes, his whole person has become something of a grimace. His hunchback has grown enormous, counterbalanced by the bony protuberance of his chest, while the framework of thighs and legs have grown so strangely askew that they can only touch at the knees like two sickles joined together at the handles. His feet are huge; his hands monstrous and--

HIS LARGE, UGLY HEAD

is cocked in such a way that his one eye stares at--

ONE OF THE BELL-ROPE

as though waiting for it to ring itself. As Quasimodo waits patiently for something that will never occur--

CLAUDE FROLLO

moves into the doorway followed by an older man in a CARDINAL'S red vestments.

THE CARDINAL

He's grown now, Frolo... I know you've tried hard, but his brain is soft. He's mute, he's virtually blind... You must send him where they can care for him.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Your eminence, Quasimodo is not mute
and through that single eye he sees
more clearly than both of us.

THE CARDINAL

Frollo, be reasonable.

Watching Quasimodo watching the bell-rope--

CLAUDE FROLLO

No your eminence, you be reasonable;
turned away from this church
Quasimodo will die.

Fixing the Cardinal with a penetrating gaze--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

This church is sacred ground, we
can neither turn away anyone who
is within, nor bar the doors from
anyone seeking refuge from without.

Bristling ever-so-slightly at the challenge to his authority--

THE CARDINAL

Frollo, you need not lecture me on
the rights of sanctuary. But
sanctuary is for criminals--
refugees from society's persecution.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Who more than Quasimodo deserves
refuge from persecution? Look at
him, your eminence.

The Cardinal follows Frollo's glance to the hunchback who now
is hesitantly reaching from the bell-rope.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Mercy is a beautiful virtue, it
stems the tide of intolerance. I
beg you: let him stay.

The Cardinal casts his archdeacon a side-long glance.

THE CARDINAL

I see that as always it is useless
to fence with as sharp a mind as
yours. You shall have your way,
but on one condition.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Yes, your eminence?

THE CARDINAL

Quasimodo must earn his keep.

Bowing his head--

CLAUDE FROLLO
As you wish, your eminence.

THE CARDINAL
With you it is never as I wish...
Good day, archdeacon.

Frollo bows, then watches as the Cardinal disappears into the darkened corridor beyond. Turning to Quasimodo--

CLAUDE FROLLO
Quasimodo, I'd like to speak with you.

Quasimodo turns, giving Frollo the look of a devoted dog to its master, his jutting teeth revealed in a simple smile. Closing his hand around the bell-rope before him, Quasimodo tries to pull himself to his feet only to cause--

THE BELL-ROPE

to come down, then pull him into the air as A BELL PEALS above.

QUASIMODO

falls from the rope, spinning beneath the other bell-ropes and across the floor in alarm, retreating behind his adoptive father, until the bell stops ringing. Frollo laughs.

CLAUDE FROLLO
Don't be alarmed. You did that Quasimodo.

And pointing at the rope--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
Go, do it again.

Quasimodo scans Frollo's face looking for assurance.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
It was you. Try it.

Creeping suspiciously back to the bell-rope, Quasimodo gingerly grasps the thick hemp, then feeling his courage rise, he crawls--

HIS GIANT HANDS

fist over fist up the rope until extended on his tiptoes he leaps into the air. He swings down with the rope, then back up with it setting THE BELL in glorious motion, matching it's song with his own GLEEFUL LAUGH. As the RINGING GROWS IN INTENSITY, Frollo's eyes light up, and--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
 This will satisfy the Cardinal.
 (smiling)

Quasimodo: bellringer of Notre-Dame.

Riding this rope to the crest of its upswing, Quasimodo leaps to the next bell-rope, bringing it down with his monstrous strength setting ANOTHER BELL PEALING. And his laugh transforms into a ghastly, but exuberant yell of--

QUASIMODO
 Quasimodo: bellringer of Notre-Dame!
 Quasimodo: bellringer of Notre-Dame!
 Quasimodo...

Grabbing rope after rope, setting all the BELLS SINGING over Paris, his voice is drowned out. Frolo covers his ears and retreats, but--

QUASIMODO

has forgotten his existence. And as the hunchback rides the ropes, swinging through the air with reckless abandon the CLANGING CHORUS builds in THUNDEROUS POWER and we slowly--

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - MORNING

A light coating of snow covers the cathedral like a shawl upon the shoulders of twin giants. The SCREEN READS:

"1482 - SIX YEARS LATER"

PUSHING IN TO-- THE NORTH TOWER

we FOCUS on a window. DISSOLVING THROUGH IT, this is--

INT. CLAUDE FROLLO'S ROOM - MORNING

The archdeacon sits at his desk reading an ancient tome and furiously scribbling notes. He pauses, flips through some pages, then grinning, dips his quill and writes, only to be interrupted by the sound of A TAMBOURINE coming from the square below.

SNAP! HIS QUILL

breaks. Patiently, the priest cuts it a new nib, but as he sets to writing again, the MUSIC is accompanied by RHYTHMIC CLAPPING. Throwing down his pen--

CLAUDE FROLLO

angrily steps to the window. Grabbing the draperies, he's about to pull them shut when his attention is caught by--

A GYPSY GIRL

playing the tambourine and dancing, her AUDIENCE clapping enthusiastically. The dance suddenly ends, the girl stopping in a cute, but provocative pose, and her face seems to turn up to Frolo in the window.

Frolo gasps. He swallows. He stays at the window; to him this girl is electrifyingly sensuous, more beautiful than any the priest has ever seen. She begins dancing again. Frolo shivers; he is mesmerized.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME

For her part, the gypsy girl doesn't even know the priest exists. She dances with a carefree spirit filled with the love of life, until, quietly at first, then growing in intensity THE BELLS OF NOTRE-DAME RING OUT THEIR CHORUS. The gypsy girl stops dancing. She looks up at--

THE BELLTOWER as her audience filters away. At first, the VIBRATION OF EACH BELL mounts direct, clear, and isolated from the rest into the splendid morning sky. Then by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, and are lost in one another stretching in a call across Paris, answered by--

THE INNUMERABLE STEEPLES

FLOATING, UNDULATING, BOUNDING, and EDDYING over the fifteenth century town, THE BELLS lead us to--

EXT. THE PALACE OF JUSTICE - MORNING

Wending their way from all directions across the public square come what seem to be all the LOWER CLASS CITIZENS of Paris-- students, merchants, peasants, beggars and thieves-- all pressing to get inside--

INT. THE GREAT HALL - MORNING

HUNDREDS OF VOICES create an echoing din as the Great Hall is filled to bursting capacity with the anxious crowd.

The room itself is dazzling to behold. Above, the double ribbed vault is paneled with carved wood, and sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis, while the floor is black and white checkered marble from which sprout seven enormous pillars that run the length of the crowded hall. Hastily constructed at the end of the room--

A HIGH WOODEN STAGE

accessed by a ladder, rises from the curtained dressing room below while separating the stage from the throng of people stands a flimsy wooden railing guarded by THE BAILIFF and his FOUR SERGEANTS.

Beyond all this a grandstand canopied with gold brocade and commanding the best view of the stage sits empty. It is toward that grandstand that--

A DRUNKEN STUDENT

makes his way. But first he must pass the bailiff.

THE BAILIFF

You! Not another step!

The drunken student ignores the bailiff and clambers over the railing, heading for the grandstand. The bailiff nods to one of his men, who, in turn, lifts the razor sharp blade of his halberd ready to take the fellow's head were it not for the timely intervention of another student--

JEHAN FROLLO

Sixteen, small, handsome and mischievous, Jehan likes laughing, drinking, prostitutes and trouble. That's why he's here and that's why he calls--

JEHAN

Ho! Robin Poussepain, where are you going?!

Winking at the deadly-armed sergeant, Jehan holds out a jug of wine, luring the drunken student, Robin, back over the railing as he babbles--

ROBIN

I'm tryin' t'get t'those good seats.
(taking and drinking
the wine)
We'll be able t'see the play
perfec'ly from there.

Leading him ever-farther away from danger--

JEHAN

Yeah, well, I don't think so-- those seats are reserved for the Cardinal and the Flemish Ambassadors, so maybe we should--

ROBIN

The Cardinal! He always gets the best seats-- this is the Feast of Fools: he shouldn't even be here!

He hands the empty jug back to Jehan, who mischievously hurls it into the crowd. Jehan grins to hear the GRUNT AND OATH that marks its landing as, suddenly tugging Jehan back toward the stage--

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Say! Your brother's archdeacon,
couldn't he get us seats?

JEHAN

You're not just drunk, you're crazy!
My brother hates me since I got
expelled from the university.
Besides, he's too busy with his
"son" Quasimodo.

And leading Robin toward the back wall--

JEHAN (CONT'D)

Come on there's an even better view
from that window ledge.

The pair of students climb up to a vacant window sill, Jehan thinking nothing of knocking out the glass with his elbow to make more room. As Jehan settles in, Robin begins to GIGGLE DRUNKENLY.

JEHAN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

ROBIN

If your brother's Quasimodo's
father, that makes you his uncle!
(rising, calling to the
crowd)

Everyone! Look: Here's Jehan
Frollo! Quasimodo's unc--

WHACK! Jehan casually kicks him off. As the people below catch the floundering drunk, a YOUNGER STUDENT cries out--

THE YOUNGER STUDENT

How long have you been here, Frollo?

JEHAN

More than four hours-- and it better
be taken off my term in purgatory!

People LAUGH. Just then the clock STRIKES THE HOUR. Silence descends over the vast throng, all eyes turning hopefully to the stage. No one appears. The audience members look to--

THE EMPTY GRANDSTAND

As they begin GRUMBLING, Jehan calls from his niche--

JEHAN (CONT'D)
Seems "Noon" is the only one who
could arrive on time...

The COLLECTIVE, ANGRY VOICE of the entire crowd begins rising like floodwaters in a dam. But it is Jehan Frolo who causes the dam to burst by shouting--

JEHAN (CONT'D)
LET'S HAVE THE PLAY AND TO THE DEVIL
WITH THE CARDINAL!

THE PEOPLE
To the devil with the Cardinal!

JEHAN
AND TO HELL WITH THE FLEMINGS!

THE PEOPLE
TO HELL WITH FLANDERS!

JEHAN
And if they don't give us the
play...

He whips out his arm pointing a menacing finger at the bailiff and his sergeants standing guard behind their flimsy railing--

JEHAN (CONT'D)
I think we ought to HANG THE
BAILIFF!

THE PEOPLE
That's right: HANG THE BAILIFF!

JEHAN
AND WE CAN START BY HANGING HIS
SERGEANTS!

LOUD CHEERS resound. The crowd presses forward, the flimsy railing ready to topple, the officer and his men going pale as assailing them from all sides--

THE PEOPLE
HANG THEM! HANG THEM! HANG THEM!

At that instant, the draperies of the dressing room part and a trembling actor costumed as LORD JUPITER, clad in gold-painted wooden armor and wearing a silver helmet festooned with feathers--

HIS FACE

painted red to match his great-albeit-counterfeit-beard frightenedly chokes out--

LORD JUPITER
...a-hem...silence...please?

This being the moment the people have waited for, all thoughts of hanging fly from their simple minds as with OOOHS! AND AHHHHS! they watch Lord Jupiter climb the ladder to the stage. Trembling from head to foot--

LORD JUPITER

looks out over this dense mass of humanity. The Great Hall is silent. Lord Jupiter is silent too. His nervous eyes flash down to--

A PILLAR

Standing in its shadow is a tall, thin, light complexioned man, still young although wrinkles are already visible in his forehead and cheeks. His garments are shiny with age where they aren't torn, but his personality is a "ten"-- one part self-interest and nine parts vanity. This is PIERRE GRINGOIRE. The author of the play, he prompts Lord Jupiter with--

GRINGOIRE
Ladies and gentlemen...

LORD JUPITER
Ladies and gentlemen!

Another bout of stage fright. Gringoire rolls his eyes and moves closer--

GRINGOIRE
We have the honor...

LORD JUPITER
We have the honor...
(reading Gringoire's
lips)
...to perform before His Eminence
the Cardinal...a...very fine
morality play composed by...the
genius poet Pierre Gringoire
entitled "The Wise Decision of Our
Lady the Virgin."

Gringoire basks in his self-inflicted compliment as Lord Jupiter finds his stride pulling a tinsel-covered cardboard thunderbolt from beneath his armor, with--

LORD JUPITER (CONT'D)
I shall play the role of Jupiter!

He strikes a series of god-like poses, drawing a smattering of applause, and, confidence making him bold, he points his thunderbolt toward the grandstand with--

LORD JUPITER (CONT'D)
As soon as his Eminence arrives--
good mortals-- we shall begin!

There is a crystal clear moment of silence, then grinning
maliciously--

JEHAN
NO!! String up the actors and the
Cardinal!

Jupiter blanches. As the crowd TAKES UP THE CHANT, four more
WILDLY COSTUMED AND PAINTED ACTORS peer fearfully from the
dressing room. Sensing imminent disaster--

GRINGOIRE

leaps to the forefront behind the railing shouting--

GRINGOIRE
Good people, listen! There's no
need to hang anyone! Actors: begin
the play!
(to the Bailiff)
As the poet and director of this
extraordinary production, I will
answer to the Cardinal.

Once more the crowd quiets. The rest of the actors climb onto
stage. Jupiter retreats behind them as Gringoire's play begins.

THE FIRST ACTOR
(raising a rusty sword)
I am Nobility, the ruling might!

THE SECOND ACTOR
(producing two gold
keys)
And I am Clergy: God's power and
light!

The next two actors scurry in front of them, kneeling with--

THE THIRD ACTOR
(lifting a scale)
Please call my Trade and celebrate
my wife--

The fourth actor (a man dressed as a woman) extends a spade
and--

THE FOURTH ACTOR
(speaking in a falsetto)
My name is Labor, this is our life.

Gringoire resumes his position at his pillar, leaning back
against it, shutting his eyes with--

GRINGOIRE
Beautiful...

But as the play continues, Jupiter entering and giving the other's a golden dolphin, there is A COMMOTION at the far end of the hall, Gringoire's eyes angrily flash open as clothed in his beautiful red vestments--

THE CARDINAL

leads a group of TEN FLEMISH AMBASSADORS into the grandstand, all of them SPEAKING A LOUD FLEMISH.

Gringoire pales, he looks to the audience. For there part, the arrival of the Cardinal and the foreigners is much more interesting then--

LORD JUPITER
...to give this dolphin made of
gold, to the purest of virgins, be
her young, be her gold-- ah-- old...

As Lord Jupiter bumbles his line the other actors freeze. Lord Jupiter freezes. The play freezes. As the audience begins TALKING ALL AT ONCE--

GRINGOIRE

leaps up the ladder. From the edge of the stage he signals frantically for his actors to resume as--

GRINGOIRE
Go on! Go on! They love it, don't
stop now!

LORD JUPITER
(clearing his throat)
To give this dolphin made of gold,
to the purest of virgins, be her
young, be her--

At that moment the Flemish ambassador beside the Cardinal, one JACQUES COPPENOLE, looking all the world like a character from a Rembrandt painting come to life speaks out--

COPPENOLE
Your Eminence, I thought the play
would be finished.

THE CARDINAL
So did I.

Frustrated artist that he is, Gringoire can't help himself. Facing the Cardinal--

GRINGOIRE
We were waiting for you.

THE CARDINAL
More's the pity.

Gringoire looks crestfallen. The people love it.

THE CARDINAL
You are the author, I presume?

A moment's hesitation, then Gringoire bows with a flourish.

GRINGOIRE
I am the poet you hired, your
Eminence.

COPPENOLE
(butting in)
Well, poet... Your play's boring.

The Cardinal smiles.

GRINGOIRE
Boring?! This is art!

COPPENOLE
It stinks. Doesn't it good citizens
of Paris?

Coppenole is an expert politician; even though he's a foreigner
the people adore him.

THE PEOPLE
The play stinks!/Down with the play!

JEHAN
(leaping from his ledge)
Hang the poet!

But Coppenole waves his hands quieting them. Climbing from the
grandstand onto the stage he commands their attention.

COPPENOLE
Citizens of Paris: I don't know what
the devil we're doing here! I was
told there was going to be a
Festival of Fools, with the election
of a pope.

The people are silent, curious to hear more, but stepping
forward trying to regain his moment in the spotlight--

GRINGOIRE
Good foreign ambassador, we
Parisians elect our Pope after the
viewing of a brilliant morality
play, although we thank you for
your--

Ignoring him utterly and completely--

COPPENOLE

People, in Ghent we don't torture
our citizens before we let them have
fun-- I'm ready for some good hearty
laughs right now, let's get on with
it!

A MURMER of consent ripples through the audience. And to put
them over the top, Coppenole draws his purse from his belt
with--

COPPENOLE (CONT'D)

My purse to the winner!

That does it, and CRASH!

JEHAN

breaks a hole in a side-chapel door as Robin and the younger
student roll two barrels in behind him. Jehan grabs Robin
with--

JEHAN

You and I will be bathing in wine
and women tonight; I know how I can
win that purse. I'll be right back.

And before Robin can comment, Jehan races from the Great Hall.
Gringoire watches as everyone turns their back on the stage.

LORD JUPITER

About our salary, sir..?

Gringoire pulls his pockets inside out. Nodding sullenly to
the Cardinal--

GRINGOIRE

Ask him.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF UGLY, FUNNY AND BIZARRE FACES

one after another protruding through a hole in a door. They
are greeted by LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE. PULLING BACK this parade
of twisted grotesqueries is revealed lined up and waiting to
enter--

INT. THE SIDE CHAPEL - LATER

Through the now-vacant window Coppenole can be seen on the other
side one hand holding a beer stein, the other waving the purse
with--

COPPENOLE

Next!

Lord Jupiter climbs onto the barrels only to be shoved away by--

JEHAN

Out of the way! We're next!

Lord Jupiter swallows. He backs away fearfully. Jehan signals a shuffling figure behind him as--

INT. THE GREAT HALL - AFTERNOON

COPPENOLE

C'mon, give me the next fool!

But the hole in the side-chapel door remains empty for a moment. Coppenole and the rest of the audience fidget in drunken anticipation. Even Gringoire watches from the edge of his empty stage, and at that moment, thrusting through the hole comes--

QUASIMODO'S HEAD

The entire assemblage gives one HORRIBLE GASP then falls silent at the sight of that tetrahedron nose, that horseshoe mouth, that small left eye obscured by red busy eyebrows; the right eye disappearing behind that enormous wart; that horny lip, over which one of those teeth protrudes like an elephant's tusk, and above all Quasimodo's expression: a mixture of malice, astonishment, and sadness.

Dropping his beer Coppenole staggers over face to face with Quasimodo.

COPPENOLE

God's Cross! You are the ugliest creature I have ever seen!

And he grins at Quasimodo. Quasimodo frowns back.

ROBIN

It's Quasimodo the bellringer! The hunchback of Notre-Dame!

AN OLD WOMAN

Let all pregnant women beware!

Coppenole turns toward the audience. Indeed some women hide their faces, and--

A GIRL

Oh that hideous ape!

ANOTHER GIRL

That vile creature!

Turning back to Quasimodo--

COPPENOLE

You let them talk about you this way? Come out from there. Let me see you.

Quasimodo doesn't move. Coppenole narrows his eyes in puzzlement, until leading Quasimodo out from the side-chapel--

JEHAN

Good sir, he's deaf. From the bells.

Coppenole recoils at the sight of Quasimodo, but calling to the people--

COPPENOLE

This monster is worse than you say!
He's no less than the devil!
(a pause, then a smile)
And who could be more perfect a Pope
of Fools?!

Coppenole starts CLAPPING. And slowly at first, then building, the crowd begins to CHEER QUASIMODO. Stepping in close to the hunchback, but addressing Jehan--

COPPENOLE (CONT'D)

How do you make this hideous monster speak?

Quasimodo blinks, offended and frightened by the nearness of this stranger. Suddenly--

ALL IS SILENT. WE ARE INSIDE QUASIMODO'S HEAD

As Coppenole puts a hand on Quasimodo's hump, his lips move, but Quasimodo hears no words. WE HEAR QUASIMODO'S BREATHING. Glancing at Jehan, the hunchback watches in silence as the student takes Coppenole's purse. QUASIMODO'S BREATHING INTENSIFIES AS silently chattering and bowing, Jehan disappears into the silently clapping crowd deserting Quasimodo. Coppenole continues his unheard words, the crowd presses in, their mouths working an empty chorus, and QUASIMODO'S BREATHING BECOMES--

A GRUESOME HOWL

He lashes out at Coppenole who retreats in terror. And now we're back with the people as scrambling backwards across the floor--

COPPENOLE (CONT'D)

Keep him away from me!

But at that moment A BEGGAR pushes through the crowd. In his hands are the jingle bell-covered purple cloak and--

JINGLING JESTER'S CROWN

The man tentatively offers them to Quasimodo. Cautiously, afraid of a trick, Quasimodo reaches for the Fool's Crown.

THE BEGGAR

Sure, it's yours, you've earned it.

There's a smattering of LAUGHTER. Quasimodo fixes the hat to his head. Shaking it he's delighted by--

THE GLITTERING BELLS

flashing before his eyes. He attempts a smile at the beggar who, moving behind him, clothes him in his cloak then gestures to--

A HUGE GARISH THRONE

Quasimodo points at himself. The beggar nods. The hunchback begins GIGGLING as he scuttles into the chair. The CROWD CHEERS. The chair is lifted and the Pope of Fools is led from the Great Hall. Soon--

PIERRE GRINGOIRE

is left alone in the Great Hall. Heaving a heavy sigh he climbs down from the stage leaving it and the Great Hall empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. A BOARDING HOUSE - DUSK

With cold night falling, Gringoire mounts the steps and reaches for the door only to have it open before he can grasp the knob. His landlady, MADAME JOUSETTE, bars the way and holds out her hand.

MADAME JOUSETTE

They paid you for your play?

Gringoire grins sheepishly and attempts to slip past with a quiet--

GRINGOIRE

Uh-- no.

MADAME JOUSETTE

No rent. No room.

Gringoire throws up his hands.

GRINGOIRE

Madame Jousette, have pity. Where will I sleep?

Gesturing at the gutter--

MADAME JOUSETTE
With the rest of the poets.

GRINGOIRE
Please, it's cold.

MADAME JOUSETTE
Cold? They're having a bonfire at
the Place de Greve. Go there.

SLAM! the door shuts in his face. Dejectedly Gringoire shuffles off down the street. In the distance comes the NOISE OF A CROWD. Passing by some blocks away, Gringoire watches--

THE PARADE OF THE POPE OF FOOLS

begin crossing his street. He can just make out Quasimodo's form blazing in flickering torchlight like a demon from hell, then the group is out of sight. Gringoire continues walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLACE DE GREVE - NIGHT

A bonfire surrounded by a thick crowd rises from the middle of this irregular shaped Gothic square which is bounded on one side by the quay and on the other three by a series of high, narrow, gloomy houses, the corner of one being--

THE TOWER OF ROLAND

It's door sealed in stone there is only one barred window in the shape of the cross at street level. Passing it, Gringoire shudders as he meets the eyes of--

AN ANCIENT-LOOKING WOMAN

her long, unruly white hair like Medusa's snakes as she presses her face against the bars. This is THE TOWER RECLUSE. Gringoire quickly averts his gaze, and proceeding toward the bonfire, the poet passes--

A GALLOWS AND A PILLORY

No dead hang from the gallows, nor is anyone chained to the pillory. By the time he reaches the edge of the crowd, Gringoire is shivering. The flames of the bonfire rise just beyond.

GRINGOIRE
Excuse me...

No one moves. He tries to push his way in. The crowd resists.

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)
Damned Parisians!

And with a running start he propels himself into their midst, fighting his way through the mass until breaking from their circle he finds they form a large ring around--

EXT. THE BONFIRE - NIGHT

Stumbling to a halt, Gringoire is confronted by--

THE GYPSY GIRL

Seen up close, she is all of sixteen years of age. Rhythmically shaking a Basque tambourine, she dances before the bonfire. Gringoire catches his breath, for to look at this girl is to see--

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

A nymph...an angel... A goddess...

And true, although she is not tall, her twirling slenderness makes her appear so. Her complexion is dark, her hair is black but the raw, red fire makes her burn with gold. She pirouettes again--

HER LARGE BLACK EYES AND DELICATE SMILE

bore into--

GRINGOIRE

As with Frolo, it seems that she's dancing for him alone and like the audience, Gringoire is entranced by the sight of her lovely arms, the golden bodice tightly laced about her delicate body, her beautiful, exposed shoulders, and the multicolored skirt which, in the whirling dance gives momentary glimpses of--

HER FINELY SHAPED LEGS

Feeling his poetical nature swelling up inside him, Gringoire clutches the sleeve of the tradesman beside him with--

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

This vision is-- a bacchante of Mount Maenalus-- who is she?!

THE TRADESMAN

Huh? They call her Esmeralda.

GRINGOIRE

Esmeralda...

But at that moment the thong holding the young girl's hair atop her head slips free. Her black hair falls, whirling around her face in thick sensuous cascades.

ESMERALDA

comes to an abrupt standstill, her eyes sparkling brighter through the thick luxurious hair; she is the embodiment of the purest sexuality, but Gringoire turns his attention back to himself.

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

These plebeians like a dancing gypsy better than my play..?

Still his eyes never leave the girl and whether he'd admit it or not, he's as entranced with Esmeralda as the rest of them. He buries his hands in his pockets and continues to gawk. For her part Esmeralda resumes her dancing. Delighted by--

THE HAPPY, APPRECIATIVE FACES

of the crowd the gypsy girl undulates with abandon. Only then does she notice--

A PAIR OF SOMBER EYES

gleaming from within a dark hood, the rest of the hooded man hidden by the crowd. His eyes pierce straight to her heart with their ardent vitality and an undisguised depth of passion. She shivers and stops. She sees no love in these eyes, only lust.

Out of breath, Esmeralda turns away from the frightening man, CLAPS and--

ESMERALDA

Djali!

Gringoire can't help but smile as in answer to the gypsy's call a pretty little white goat with gilt horns, gilt hoofs, and a gilt collar scampers to Esmeralda's side.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Djali, now it's your turn.

Sitting down beside the goat, she gracefully offers the tambourine with--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Djali, what month of the year is it?

Lifting her forefoot--

THE GOAT

strikes the tambourine once. The crowd APPLAUDS.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

And what day of the month is it?

Djali strikes the tambourine SIX TIMES.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Djali, could you tell me the time?

And the goat STRIKES SEVEN TIMES. As if offering proof the clock tower CHIMES SEVEN. The people are amazed, and as they gape--

THE HOODED MAN

steps forward. It is Claude Frollo. Fighting with his lust, trying to find anchor in his vestments--

CLAUDE FROLLO

(voice cracking)

There is witchcraft here.

But the audience bursts into APPLAUSE.

ESMERALDA

Djali, show us Master Florian Barbedienne, the deaf auditor of the Grand-Chatelet Court.

Sitting down on her haunches the goat tilts her head, shuts her eyes and begins to BLEAT, shaking her front feet in such a strange fashion, that indeed she resembles nothing less than a bearded, scolding judge. More WILD APPLAUSE, then--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Sacrilege! Profanation!

But the gypsy ignores him, and begins passing her tambourine for the people's contributions.

SILVER AND COPPER COINS

large and small clatter into the receptacle. Presently Esmeralda stops before Gringoire, her pretty eyes going to--

HIS HAND

still buried in his pocket. She waits. His fingers clutch at lint. Gringoire grins foolishly and--

GRINGOIRE

Yes, right, a coin... Hmmm... Let's see...

Esmeralda sticks out her lower lip in a childish pout. However, at sixteen she is more than a child. The look only feeds Gringoire's embarrassment, but just then echoing from the Tower of Roland--

THE TOWER RECLUSE (O.S.)
 (an old woman's scream)
 DAMN YOU, YOU GYPSY WENCH! GO AWAY!
 GET OUT OF HERE!

As Esmeralda spins in fear, Gringoire uses the moment to disappear in the crowd while, from another entrance to the square, there suddenly comes--

THE PROCESSION OF THE POPE OF FOOLS

Voices raised in DRUNKEN SONG, they march Quasimodo high atop his throne into the square.

A look of proud, self-satisfaction filling the hunchback's face, we are with him as he looks out over THE SILENT festivities, only to gasp at the sight of--

CLAUDE FROLLO

lurching into his path, his outstretched hand commanding the procession to stop. Silent words, appearing as an argument, are exchanged between Frollo and the beggar who originally gave Quasimodo his crown. The hunchback sees the entire procession voicing what appears to be anger. Mouths working, fists and even some weapons waving, they close in on the archdeacon.

QUASIMODO

flies from his throne straight for Claude Frollo. A CRY OF TERROR rises from the mob, women averting their eyes so as not see him tear the archdeacon to shreds, but the hunchback makes one bound at the priest, squints confusedly, then falls to his knees before him.

Frollo snatches the crown from Quasimodo's head, tears it in two, then rips the cloak from his deformed back. Accompanying his words with hand signals--

CLAUDE FROLLO

This is Jehan's work-- how many
 times must I tell you: my brother
 is not your friend. These people
 are making a fool of you, Quasimodo!

His single eye filled with shame, Quasimodo addresses the priest with a series of hand motions then throws himself prostrate at his master's feet like a dog to be whipped. The archdeacon roughly shakes Quasimodo's powerful shoulders, then signals him to get up and follow him. As Quasimodo rises and starts after the priest, the mob quickly grows angry--

THE MOB

You can't take him!/Come back you
 stupid monster!/Stop the priest!

But the hunchback whirls on them, SNARLING, his massive fists clenched, his teeth bared like a tiger's, murder flashing in his eye.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
Come Quasimodo, there's something
we must do.

And as the priest starts walking up an alley, the hunchback violently clears the path of people, knocking them aside like a sickle run through wheat. In the confusion--

ESMERALDA

pockets her money and CLICKING her tongue to Djali, takes off in the other direction. As Esmeralda passes the Tower of Roland--

THE TOWER RECLUSE

presses her face against the bars.

THE TOWER RECLUSE
I'LL WATCH YOU HANG GYPSY GIRL!
FOR WHAT YOUR PEOPLE DID TO MY
DAUGHTER I'LL WATCH YOU HANG!

Beaten by time, the Tower Recluse spits in Esmeralda's wake, then watches with hateful eyes as the gypsy and her goat leave the square. For his part--

GRINGOIRE

follows Esmeralda's lithesome form with his eyes, then begins following her with his feet.

EXT. A SIDE-STREET - NIGHT

Djali's hooves clattering on the paving stones, the little goat does her best to keep up with her mistress, as all around--

THE TOWNSPEOPLE

enter their homes, close their shops and taverns, and disappear from the street. Few torches burn to light her way and it is a while before Esmeralda becomes conscious of--

A FIGURE

trailing behind her.

ESMERALDA
Hurry Djali it's that priest.

They turn into--

EXT. AN ALLEY - NIGHT

With only the light of the moon to guide them, Esmeralda casts a worried glance over her shoulder then begins to run. Djali trots, matching her stride, while behind her--

GRINGOIRE

jogs into the alley as Esmeralda glances back again and quickens her pace.

GRINGOIRE

Good work, Gringoire, no better way to make friends with a girl than by terrorizing her.

Pulling up short he stops his pursuit. He looks around. The alley funnels off into four narrow, angular passages, none of them familiar. Gringoire rubs his forehead. He is lost.

EXT. A PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Meanwhile Esmeralda and Djali dash deeper into the maze of corridors. She takes one last look over her shoulder. Her pursuer is gone. Breathing a sigh of relief she slackens her pace just as leaping from a wall into her path lands--

QUASIMODO

Esmeralda SCREAMS.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Trying to retrace his steps, Gringoire goes rigid at the sound of the girl's SCREAMING. He spins, running toward her voice.

EXT. A CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Charging into this passageway Gringoire stops. The SCREAMING continues, but it's receding; he's chosen the wrong way.

EXT. THE PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Quasimodo has thrown Esmeralda over his shoulder. The gypsy girl SCREAMS and struggles, but Quasimodo's grip is strong and he makes his way toward--

A CLOAKED AND HOODED FIGURE

who waits at the end of the angular passage.

ESMERALDA

MURDER! MURDER! HELP!

The accomplice turns. From beneath his hood Esmeralda sees his gleaming, piercing eyes. It is the man from the bonfire; it is Claude Frollo.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
HELP! SOMEONE! THEY'LL KILL ME!

At that moment Pierre Gringoire charges into the alley. He launches himself at the hunchback, but WHAM!

QUASIMODO'S MONSTROUS BACKHAND

hurls him across the alley into a doorway. He sinks to the ground. Dazed, for a moment Gringoire watches as they make their getaway--

ESMERALDA'S ARMS

reaching back toward him--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
HELP ME, PLEASE!

Then with a sound of HOOFBEATS--

A VOICE (O.S.)
Halt, villain! Let that wench go!

THUNDERING in from a cross-street A CAVALRYMAN-- captain of the King's Archers-- his saber glistening in his gauntleted fist, bears down on the hunchback. Deftly snatching Esmeralda from the arms of--

QUASIMODO

SMACK! he strikes the hunchback with the flat of his blade. Laying Esmeralda across his saddle the dashing captain circles the fallen hunchback, ready to kill him if he attempts a fight.

Claude Frollo hesitates, then escapes into the night, leaving Quasimodo SNARLING inarticulately in rage and confusion. At that moment, FIFTEEN ARCHERS, run into the alley crossbows levelled.

THE CAVALRYMAN
Put him in chains!

The Archers seize Quasimodo who BELLOWS, foams, and bites, but to no avail, soon they have the pitiful hunchback in chains, while atop his horse--

THE CAVALRYMAN

turns Esmeralda so that astride the horse she faces him. He is immediately struck by her appeal.

THE CAVALRYMAN (CONT'D)
You're unharmed I trust?

Esmeralda smiles. Placing both her hands on the young man's shoulders she looks at him intently for a few seconds, as if charmed by his handsome face, and grateful for the timely rescue. Then, speaking in her most dulcet tones--

ESMERALDA

What's your name, sir?

Grinning, slipping an adventurous arm around her wasp waist--

THE CAVALRYMAN

Captain Phoebus de Chateaupers, at
your service, my beauty!

Pulse quickening, her breath coming in short gasps as she is sucked in by his masculinity--

ESMERALDA

Thank you... Phoebus.

And as the captain tries to creep his hand higher than the girl's waist, Esmeralda slips from his saddle and flees into the darkness.

THE CAVALRYMAN/CAPTAIN PHOEBUS

Damn! That wench'd been a good one
to keep for the night...

Then glancing at his prisoner--

CAPTAIN PHOEBUS (CONT'D)

To the Bastille with this fiend.

From the other end of the alleyway, concealed in darkness--

GRINGOIRE

watches as Phoebus and his archers lead their prisoner away, who fills the night with his animal-like wail of--

QUASIMODO (O.S.)

NOOO!! NOOO!! NOOO!!

Then the poet takes off in the other direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A MUDDY LANE - NIGHT

Hopelessly lost, Gringoire stumbles into a dark lane surrounded by high crumbling walls of ruins. The entire lane is a gutter, the gutter a sewer, but a fire flickers at the end of the street and to this beacon the poet makes his way. It is then Gringoire notices he is not alone. Here and there--

VAGUE SHAPELESS CREATURES

crawl and drag themselves like insects to the flame. Soon the poet catches up with one of these larvae which lags behind the rest: A WRETCHED LEGLESS CRIPPLE hopping along on his hands, the lower part of his body resting in a large metal bowl.

THE LEGLESS CRIPPLE

La buona mancia, signor! La buona mancia!

Gringoire bats away the outstretched hand, with--

GRINGOIRE

The devil take you! I can't understand you!

Yet as soon as he passes the legless cripple he comes upon A PARALYTIC. This one, both lame and one-armed moves by a complicated structure of crutches and wooden legs, looking all the world like a moving scaffold.

THE PARALYTIC

Senor caballero, para comprar un pedaso de pan!

GRINGOIRE

Ah! So you speak the same barbarous language, do you...?
I...Can't...Help...You. Get it?

And the poet bypasses this one only to have his way blocked by--

A BLIND BEARDED DWARF

who, waving his stick in Gringoire's face, shouts--

THE BLIND DWARF

Charity!

GRINGOIRE

(with growing fear)
Leave me alone; I sold my last shirt a week ago.

And pushing the blind dwarf from his path Gringoire begins to run. The blind dwarf runs. The paralytic runs. And the legless cripple runs too, his bowl SCRAPING through the mud. As--

GRINGOIRE

paces toward the fire, all around him MORE PARALYTICS, CRIPPLES, BLIND MEN, ONE-ARMED MEN, ONE-EYED MEN AND LEPERS with open sores emerge from the ruined houses, from side-streets, from cellars-- HOWLING, BELLOWING, YELPING like demons rising from hell.

GRINGOIRE'S FEET

entangle in a mass of--

CRIPPLED WOMEN

They CACKLE, pawing at him as he falls, but he lurches up. Closer now to the fire he can see more of the same awaits him there silhouetted before the fire like a devil's orgy.

Panicking, Gringoire spins about, and begins running the way he came only to freeze at the sight of--

THE LEGLESS CRIPPLE

rising from his bowl on newly "grown" legs. The paralytic's scaffolding falls away, a "new" arm sprouts from his stump, and the blind dwarf's eyes roll back into his head focusing intently upon--

GRINGOIRE

...Where am I?

THE BLIND DWARF

In the Court of Miracles.

Gringoire's eyes bulge; they sweep the crowd. BEGGARS, HALF-CLAD PROSTITUTES, and all kinds of GYPSIES, CON-ARTISTS, PICKPOCKETS, and KILLERS close in on him.

GRINGOIRE

Wait! I know I don't belong here!
I'll go!

THE BLIND DWARF

To hell! Those who don't belong
here...

THE VAGABONDS

ARE EXECUTED!

Gringoire's face goes white. He spins again, his mind filling with men, women, animals, children, age, sex, sickness. A thousand dirty hands grab the poet propelling him to the fire with--

THE VAGABONDS (CONT'D)

To the king! To the king!

EXT. THE COURT OF MIRACLES - NIGHT

Thrown before the fire, Gringoire looks up to see--

A BEGGAR

seated on a barrel. It is the beggar from the Procession of Fools, the man who crowned Quasimodo.

He introduces himself with--

THE BEGGAR/CLOPIN

I am Clopin Trouillefou King of the
Court of Miracles, and you..?

GRINGOIRE

Just a poor poet begging your
clemency, your highness.

Gringoire rises to his knees, his eyes sweeping leering faces
before his attention is grabbed by--

CLOPIN

Be quick! What do you have to say
in your defense?

GRINGOIRE

My defense?! I-- I have no
defense-- I was l-lost!

CLOPIN

That's your problem. You have
violated the privileges of our city
and must be punished... Unless, of
course, you are a thief, a beggar,
or a vagabond. You any of those?

GRINGOIRE

Good sir, I have not the honor.
I am merely a poet, a--

CLOPIN

That's enough. Just as you treat
our people among you, so we treat
you among us. You will be hanged.

Gringoire watches like a man trapped in a nightmare as Clopin
hops from his barrel-throne and directs the looping of a
hangman's noose over--

A SCAFFOLD

GRINGOIRE

Wait!

Clopin faces him, grinning.

CLOPIN

Prayers have you?

GRINGOIRE

No, your highness, it's-- I'd--
Wait-- I'd like to-- to join you.

This is met by a CHORUS OF MIRTH, but Clopin scowls. He
scratches his ragged chin, then with a clap of his hands--

CLOPIN

Very well.
(to his group)
Bring out the dummy.

Gringoire watches as the vagabonds produce--

A MAN OF STRAW

clothed in rags and covered with jingle-bells. They hang him from the noose and as he swings, bells tinkling, Clopin finds a rickety milking stool. Setting it before the dummy, he steadies the bells to silence.

CLOPIN (CONT'D)

In one of his pockets is a purse--
You sure you wouldn't rather let
us hang you?

GRINGOIRE

Please, I'd like nothing better than
to be one of you.

CLOPIN

Fine. Stand on this stool, cross
one foot behind the other, and
standing on your tip-toes pick the
dummy's pocket. If you're
successful you'll be one of us,
however, if even a single bell rings
we're going to chop off your hands,
cut off your feet, drill out your
eyes then throw you in the river.

Gringoire swallows. He steps onto the stool. He crosses his
feet. He licks his lips... He stands on tip-toes... He reaches
out--

FINGERS

stretching and, oops--

Gringoire falls, tearing the dummy in half, jingle-bells SINGING
his failure. The LAUGHING beggars descend upon him.

CLOPIN (CONT'D)

Hold him! Someone give me a knife!
Find that wood drill!

And before the poet even has time to blink, he finds himself
pressed against a wall, Clopin leering at him, as he's handed
a knife.

GRINGOIRE

(weak)
Wait! Isn't there some other way?
I'm not ready to die.

But Clopin sneers, and moving the blade toward Gringoire's wrist--

ESMERALDA (O.S.)

STOP!

All eyes turn to the beautiful gypsy girl as she strides through the crowd up to Clopin.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

You're forgetting one thing, your majesty.

He narrows his eyes at her.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

You cannot kill a man without first asking if there's any woman who wants him.

Clopin scratches his head, a MURMUR OF DISSENT ripples through the court.

CLOPIN

You're hardly old enough to--

ESMERALDA

I'm sixteen summers.

CLOPIN

But this beanpole? Esmeralda, you could have any man. You don't want...him.

Sweat pouring down his pale brow--

GRINGOIRE

...save me...

ESMERALDA

(answering Clopin)

I do.

CLOPIN

(a shrug)

Cut him down.

Gringoire is released. As he quickly hides behind Esmeralda, Clopin finds a jug.

CLOPIN (CONT'D)

Take her hand, poet.

With one hand Gringoire grasps Esmeralda's hand, while into their other hands Clopin puts the jug. Gringoire gazes into Esmeralda's eyes.

ESMERALDA

We throw it on the ground... Ready?

Gringoire nods. They throw the jug. It shatters into four broken pieces.

CLOPIN

Brother: she is your wife. Sister:
he is your husband. For four years.
Go!

WIPE TO:

INT. ESMERALDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A cozy little room with a vaulted ceiling, Gringoire sits before a table, an empty soup bowl, bread crumbs and empty glass before him. He gazes at his saviour as Esmeralda bustles back and forth about the room straightening it up, whispering sweet nothings to Djali. Beginning to feel poetical again--

GRINGOIRE

Oh, this is like a dream, I feel
I'm a hero in a fairy tale. To
think, the disaster of my
play...thrown from my room...hungry,
lost...almost hanged, then this
angel saves my life.

ESMERALDA

(to herself)

Sounds more like I'm the hero.

GRINGOIRE

(dreamy)

Now I'm your husband...

(rising)

You must be madly in love with me,
Esmeralda.

(approaching her)

And this is our wedding night...

As Gringoire opens his arms Esmeralda slowly backs away toward her straw mattress with--

ESMERALDA

What do you want with me?

GRINGOIRE

(passionate)

What do I want? Am I not yours?
Are you not mine? Is that not our
bed..?

Gringoire confidently puts an arm around the gypsy's waist.
Esmeralda springs to the other side of the room, where, reaching
beneath her dress--

SSHHING! A DAGGER

flashes into her hand.

ESMERALDA

Come one step closer, poet, and I'll
cut your throat.

The poet's face fills with shock. Beside him, Djali lowers her
head, her horns ready for business.

GRINGOIRE

What..?! Wait: you took me for a
husband. Why else would you have
saved me?

ESMERALDA

I don't like to see suffering, and
you didn't deserve to hang.

Gringoire bites his lip. He stares at Esmeralda and the dagger
for a moment longer than retreats to the table. The beautiful
gypsy sheathes her weapon.

GRINGOIRE

I see I'm not the triumphant lover
I imagined... So you won't have
anything to do with me as your
husband?

ESMERALDA

No.

GRINGOIRE

As your lover, then? Many poets--

ESMERALDA

(making her little pout)

No.

GRINGOIRE

Then perhaps we can be friends.
You do know what friendship is..?

Esmeralda softens.

ESMERALDA

Sure.

Gringoire smiles, nods, then pressing--

GRINGOIRE

And from there love could blos--

ESMERALDA

I could only love a man who could
protect me.

That stings. Gringoire blushes, looks at his hands.

GRINGOIRE

It's true, I don't wear a helmet,
there's no sword in my hand, I...

But his words trail off as he sees a faraway look in Esmeralda's eyes.

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

You're in love with someone else.

Esmeralda's face brightens, her smile filling the room with the silent declaration of that truth, and--

ESMERALDA

Phoebus... What does that mean?

GRINGOIRE

(puzzled)

It's Latin. It means, "sun."
You're in love with the sun?

ESMERALDA

I think that I am.

And with that she steps to the door, opening it with--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Goodnight. Friend.

Gringoire watches as closing the door behind her she leaves. With a shrug, the poet settles down on the bed, the goat cuddling up to sleep beside him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GRAND-CHATELET COURT - MORNING

A pale ray of January sunlight coming in through the single small pointed window set in the thick wall illuminates a small courtroom where at one end stands--

A MASSIVE TABLE

covered with documents, behind which sits the court auditor dressed in brown legal robes, MASTER FLORIAN BARBEDIENNE, while beside him sits a rickety COURT CLERK. Flanking the table stand TWO PROVOST SERGEANTS wearing purple uniforms with white crosses on them.

MASTER FLORIAN

(an extremely nasal
voice)

Bring in the next prisoner.

A PROVOST SERGEANT
(shouting)
Bring in the next prisoner!

Beyond the table an open space of worn stone floor reserved for the accused spreads out like an empty stage before the table, extending to a gallery reserved for-- and filled with-- SPECTATORS. Prominent among them, and drunk already, are Jehan Frollo and his student friend Robin.

JEHAN
(mimicking Florian)
Bring in the next prisoner!

The spectators laugh, the sergeants bristle, and--

ROBIN
Watch it, Jehan...

JEHAN
Ahhh, don't worry, Florian's deaf as a post. Look-- THE JUDGE IS A TOAD!

The spectators howl, the provost sergeants glare at Jehan, but Florian shows no reaction. At that instant, entering through a door behind the gallery Captain Phoebus and three heavily armed guards lead in a tightly bound--

QUASIMODO

As they push him to the floor, his face reveals an expression that is somber, silent and calm. Casting a dull and sleepy eye from the judge to the gallery, we are INSIDE HIS HEAD as he watches--

THE POINTING JEERING SPECTATORS

raucous in their behavior, but silent to the hunchback. He looks at Master Florian. The judge is reading from the docket. His mouth moves but Quasimodo cannot hear him...

MASTER FLORIAN
...of making an unlawful assault upon the person of a lewd woman; and, third, of resistance to the Archers of the Guard of Our Lord the King. Let us begin...

Placing his hands together, Master Florian rests his chin upon his fingertips and shutting his eyes, tilts back his head in order to appear more majestic and impartial.

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)
Your name?

Quasimodo, unaware that a question has been addressed to him, continues looking steadfastly at the judge. The judge, believing he's been answered continues with mechanical and stupid self-assurance--

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)

Fine. And what is your age?

Quasimodo does not answer this question either. Jehan chuckles.

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)

Very well. Your occupation is..?

Jehan is joined in his mirth by more of the spectators, all of them chuckling now, Quasimodo staring blankly as--

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)

That will do-- all I asked was your occupation. Now, will you explain yourself with regard to these three accusations?

Head still tilted back, eyes still closed, the judge waits for a moment before turning to his clerk with--

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)

Have you written down everything the prisoner has said so far?

The court clerk screws up his face at the judge as the spectators finally BURST WITH LAUGHTER. This is what they come for. The clerk doesn't answer, but turning away--

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)

Excellent.

Yet seeing the spectators laughing their heads off, Master Florian darts his eyes from the gallery to Quasimodo.

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)

You deserve the gallows for that answer, you wretched dog! Do you know to whom you're speaking?

Quasimodo doesn't hear a thing, but everyone else does, and now even the provost sergeants and the clerk begin to chuckle. Suddenly realizing something's gone terribly wrong, but not knowing what it is--

MASTER FLORIAN

begins to huff and puff, his face turning red, and this the hunchback sees. He smiles. That does it. Shooting to his feet levelling a finger at the accused--

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)
 I heard that you beast! Make fun
 of the Court of Paris?! Captain
 Phoebus--

He looks at the Captain of Archers. Satisfied by his humorless face, that he alone shares with him the dignity of these proceedings--

MASTER FLORIAN (CONT'D)
 Take this scoundrel to the pillory
 at the Place de Greve. Have him
 flogged for an hour then left for
 an hour of public vengeance!

Grabbing the blank piece of paper from the giggling clerk, the judge scribbles his signature then muttering to himself he strides from the courtroom looking all the world like Esmeralda's goat.

CUT TO:

AN HOURGLASS

placed upon the broad boards of the pillory. PULLING BACK this is--

EXT. THE PLACE DE GREVE - DAY

His deformed head tilting so that his eye is refracted through the curve of the hourglass, Quasimodo is revealed rigorously bound, kneeling upon this wheel. His ugly face shows only savage and stupid surprise. He makes no protest when stepping behind him--

THE MASTER TORTURER

rips the shirt from his back displaying Quasimodo's bare hump, protruding shoulders and hairy back. To the spectators gathered around he looks like a calf with its head dangling over a butcher's block. Once again at the forefront--

JEHAN
 Look at the stupid oaf! Wish I was
 doing the whipping!

This draws a chorus of agreement from the people as a TORTURER'S ASSISTANT overturns--

THE HOURGLASS

Quasimodo blinks, fascinated by the falling grains of sand unaware as behind him the master torturer raises--

A LONG WHIP

of braided white leather, armed with sharp splinters of metal. The master torturer stamps his foot, the wheel begins to slowly turn, and-- SSSCRACK! the whip comes down across Quasimodo's back.

Quasimodo jumps against his bonds as if awakened. The crowd APPLAUDS.

Beginning to understand, the hunchback twists in his fetters, a violent contraction of pain straining his face, but no sound comes from his lips. SSSCRACK! a second blow follows the first, then a third, then another and another.

THE WHEEL

continues to turn. The blows continue to rain down, and--

BLOOD

begins to trickle down Quasimodo's swarthy shoulders. As the white whip glistens with blood, every tearing lash sprinkles a red rain over the crowd. They love it.

QUASIMODO

begins to fight, but his ropes are too tight, and after a powerful, desperate effort he sinks down in defeat, his stupefied expression giving way to one of deep and bitter hopelessness. He closes his eye to the people swirling before him and lets his head fall to his breast as if he were dead.

THE SAND CONTINUES TO FALL, AND--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PLACE DE GREVE - DAY

As the horrible whip CRACKS again within--

THE HOURGLASS

the final grains fall. The master torturer stops. The crowd GROANS with disappointment. As the master torturer wipes the blood from his whip, his assistant washes Quasimodo's bleeding shoulders, rubs them with an ointment, then throws a yellow cloth across his back.

The hourglass is flipped again and as the wheel stops turning the master torturer and his assistant leave the hunchback to the people. It is with joy that they begin.

A WOMAN

Antichrist!

Quasimodo looks at them with fear and mistrust.

ANOTHER WOMAN

That's his pillory face-- when will
he give us his gallows face?

A MAN

That face would make a woman
miscarry better than any drug!

These unheard words can't hurt him, but it is Jehan who first
closes his hand around--

A ROCK

Now with the insults come a shower of stones. Again we're in
THE SILENCE OF QUASIMODO'S MIND. He watches the fury of the
crowd expressed no less energetically in their faces as in their
words. He ducks his head to avoid the more well-aimed stones,
but gradually it becomes more than the hunchback can bear.

Anger, despair and hatred cover his face with a dark cloud.
He strains violently at his bonds the old pillory wheel
beginning to tilt, back and forth, back and forth, but there
is no escape. Suddenly Quasimodo catches sight of--

A PRIEST

riding toward him on a mule. Quasimodo's face softens, the rage
converting to a strange smile full of gentleness and ineffable
tenderness, growing more distinct and radiant as the priest
approaches. It is his adoptive father--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Recognition dawning in Frolo's face, he suddenly drops his
head. The priest hesitates. Their eyes lock. Then Frolo,
begins to shake with humiliation. This is more than he can
bear, and turning his mule he spurs off in the other direction.

QUASIMODO'S FACE

face grows deeply sad in his silent, hopeless world. And on
the verge of collapse he cries out in the furious roar of a wild
animal--

QUASIMODO

Water!

But this cry of distress, far from arousing any compassion in
the crowd, only adds to their amusement. Even more
heart-rendering--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

Water!

JEHAN

Drink this!

And drenching his handkerchief in the gutter, throws it in Quasimodo's face.

A WOMAN

That will teach you to wake us up
at night with your devilish bells!

Throwing another stone--

A MAN

You made my wife give birth to a
two-headed baby just by passing in
front of her!

QUASIMODO

(panting)

Water...

And just then his eye fastens upon Esmeralda as she steps from the crowd accompanied by her little white goat. Quasimodo quakes with fear, recoiling from the pretty young gypsy girl, with a strangled cry of--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry!

Without saying a word, however, Esmeralda climbs quickly onto the pillory, and as he writhes in vain to escape from her, she detaches a gourd from her belt and gently raises it to his lips.

A BIG TEAR

wells up in the hunchback's eye and slowly trickles down his deformed face. Overcome with emotion, he forgets to drink.

ESMERALDA

makes her little pout of impatience, then, smiling, presses the gourd against his mouth. Quasimodo drinks in long, violent drafts. When he is finished he puts out his blackened lips to kiss her hand, but the girl shudders at the thought of it and swiftly pulls away.

The hunchback looks up at her, his eye filled with reproach and unspeakable sadness.

Esmeralda rises and turns to the stairs. Before her the crowd is utterly silent in their shame. The moment is sublime. It is just then that sticking--

A BONY ARM

through the tower window--

THE TOWER RECLUSE

Curse you, gypsy devil! Curse you
and your people who stole my baby
and killed her! Curse you! Curse
you!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME

the moment when the setting March sun looks the cathedral almost full in the face making the countless sculptured figures stand out against their shadows while the great central rose window flames with reflected fire, all this seen from opposite the cathedral and across the square where, standing on--

EXT. A STONE BALCONY - LATE AFTERNOON

hanging over the porch of a rich Gothic house is--

CAPTAIN PHOEBUS

positioned behind and with his arms around the waist of a pretty young woman of twenty-two, FLEUR-DE-LYS GONDELAURIER. Her veiled, pointed cap, her embroidered bodice and her dress of layered gauze, silk and velvet are all indicative of vast wealth.

MUSIC rises from the citizen-thronged square below yet, attracted by the swell of--

FLEUR-DE-LYS'S BREASTS

protruding above the cut of her bodice, Phoebus is barely listening as--

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Didn't you tell me about some little
gypsy girl you saved from a band
of thieves about two months ago?

PHOEBUS

Hm...mmm...

And he advances his hands onto the twin targets, only to be slapped away with--

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Phoebus! My mother is right inside.

PHOEBUS

But Fleur-de-Lys, what's the harm?
We'll be married within two months,
we should--

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Nothing. You should answer my question. See if you recognize her; she's quite a charming little dancer.

Accepting his tactical defeat, Phoebus follows her gaze to the crowded square below. At first the only performer he sees is a tall, thin man dressed like clown balancing a chair on his head, then the crowd seems to part and--

ESMERALDA

twirls into view. She is as vibrant and exotic as he remembers. But smoothing his moustache with the back of his hand, doing his best to disguise his attraction to the gypsy--

PHOEBUS

Yes, that's her. I remember her by-- her goat.

And as Djali prances after her mistress--

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Oh it is a pretty little goat!

Realizing that Fleur-de-Lys doesn't even suspect his attraction to Esmeralda, Phoebus diverts his fiance's attention from any more talk of the gypsy girl, by indicating the north tower of the cathedral where--

A BLACK-ROBED PRIEST

leans out over the top balustrade intently watching the girl.

PHOEBUS

It seems you're not the only one interested in what's happening in the square today.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

(shuddering)

Ugh. That's the Archdeacon. Mother says he's a sorcerer, says that he's made a pact with the devil. He draws his power from that demon bellringer, Quasimodo, who will carry his soul to hell when he dies.

(making the sign of the cross)

That girl had better be careful. Frolo doesn't like gypsies.

Phoebus gives her a false smile, then moves as if ready to enter the house, gesturing for Fleur-de-Lys to follow, but still watching--

ESMERALDA

FLEUR-DE-LYS (CONT'D)

Phoebus, since you know that girl,
why don't you bring her up here?
Mother would love to see her dance,
and--

PHOEBUS

No, I don't think...

But Fleur-de-Lys trails her fingers down his doublet and with
a seductive--

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Please..?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NORTH TOWER - LATE AFTERNOON

The square filled with citizens beneath him, Claude Frollo,
leaning out, eyes fixed, his face full of agitation and tumult
can only see--

ESMERALDA

A strange, perverse smile plays at the corners of his mouth as
he watches her dance; her cat-like graceful legs, the curve of
her hips, the rise of her breasts, and that wild, sensuous hair
that swirls around her face.

The gypsy stops dancing. She approaches the tall, thin man
dressed like a clown. They converse.

CLAUDE FROLLO

(to himself)

What? Who's that? She's always
alone!

It is as though a bolt of electricity had penetrated Frollo's
spine, his whole body becoming tense and twitching. His teeth
clench, and he whirls from the balustrade, dashing to the door,
and careening down the stairs--

INT. THE NORTH TOWER BELFRY - LATE AFTERNOON

As Frollo comes off the stairs, dodging through the bells, then
disappearing down the next stairway, he fails to notice--

QUASIMODO

His bells all but forgotten, he sits at the low railing, his
hump against the wall and his face reflecting a powerful sorrow
as his one good eye is also focused on--

ESMERALDA

below. He watches as Phoebus comes to her from the Gothic house. They speak, then Phoebus escorts the gypsy girl and her goat into the house of his fiance.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - LATE AFTERNOON

With the sun all but gone, Claude Frollo pulls his hood up over his head as with determination he pushes his way through the crowd to find Esmeralda gone. Grabbing a peasant by the arm--

CLAUDE FROLLO

You! What happened to the gypsy girl?

THE PEASANT

I-- I don't know. A soldier came from that house-- took her inside.

Stunned by this news, Frollo releases the man's arm. The peasant eagerly turns redirecting his attention to--

THE CLOWN

now balancing the chair in his teeth and a cat atop the chair. This trick doesn't go as well as the last, and as the CAT SCREAMS, Frollo watches the chair tumble, the cat scratch the clown's face and the crowd burst into MALICIOUS APPLAUSE.

As the crowd scatters and the clown picks up the few coins at his feet he is recognized by--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Master Gringoire, is it not?

Even through his greasepaint, Gringoire's humiliation is distinct. He humbly faces the archdeacon.

GRINGOIRE

And a good day to you monseigneur.

He tries to smile, but the suspicion and venom he finds in Frollo's eyes kill any of his happiness.

CLAUDE FROLLO

I thought you were writing plays for the Cardinal and our Festival days...

Sweeping his hand at Gringoire's multi-colored outfit, the chair, the face--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

A fine trade for a man of learning!

GRINGOIRE

I agree with you, sir. It is nobler
to philosophize and poetize, but
I have no stomach for starvation.

(showing the coins)

I've found that balancing chairs
in my teeth, better fills my belly.

Frollo crosses his arms over his chest, stares at Gringoire,
but for a long moment doesn't speak. Then--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Very well, Master Gringoire, but
why further disgrace yourself as
to act in concert with that horrible
gypsy?

GRINGOIRE

(a shrug)

She's my wife; I'm her husband.

CLAUDE FROLLO

How could you do such a thing, you
villain!

And roughly seizing Gringoire by the shoulders, he shakes him
with--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Have you so abandoned God as to
touch that girl?!

GRINGOIRE

(trembling)

I swear to you, I've never touched
her!

Releasing the poet--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Then what's this about husband and
wife?

GRINGOIRE

It's a bitter disappointment, I can
tell you. I had the misfortune to
marry a virgin.

CLAUDE FROLLO

You swear to me the girl's never
been touched by a man?

His fear receding--

GRINGOIRE

What can a man do against gypsy superstition and a dagger? I'm not complaining, I eat, she gives me her bed, but we're barely friends; the only company I really have is the goat.

CLAUDE FROLLO

A messenger from hell, you mark my words.

But Gringoire chuckles.

GRINGOIRE

Djali's clever, but the counting? It's all really just a trick; it's in the way Esmeralda holds the tambourine.

Frollo frowns, but continuing--

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

Really it is. In these last two months I've watched Esmeralda teaching her to spell out the word "Phoebus."

CLAUDE FROLLO

Phoebus. Why Phoebus?

GRINGOIRE

I don't know. Maybe she thinks it's magic; she often repeats it to herself when she thinks she's alone... But, the goat's no demon, monseigneur, just clever...

And with that Gringoire collects his chair, ready to leave, but--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Will you swear to me you've never touched her?

GRINGOIRE

The goat?

CLAUDE FROLLO

No, that gypsy. The slightest contact with her will make you a vassal of Satan.

His initial shock of the encounter wearing off, and tiring of the archdeacon--

GRINGOIRE

I swear, monseigneur, by my mother's
womb I have never touched my wife.

And with that, Gringoire leaves the angry priest.

CUT TO:

ESMERALDA

beating her tambourine a final time as she vigorously whirls
to a stop. PULLING BACK this is revealed as--

INT. A SITTING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Her audience of Fleur-de-Lys and her mother, Madame de
Gondelaurier (whom we might remember from the day Quasimodo was
found on the church steps), CLAP politely, while Phoebus,
captivated by her beauty, APPLAUDS more exuberantly.

Esmeralda only has eyes for this dashing cavalryman, and as--

FLEUR-DE-LYS

notices Esmeralda's obvious look of love and Phoebus's matching
lust, her face becomes like marble.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Well, little girl, you have such
a highly developed co-ordination
for one of your kind.

Esmeralda flushes, embarrassed, but Fleur-de-Lys crosses the
room to the gypsy girl, examining her like a piece of cattle.

FLEUR-DE-LYS (CONT'D)

These clothes, they're wonderfully
barbarous, don't you think, mother?

MADAME GONDELAURIER

They're colorful scraps, but the
skirt is too short. Where did you
learn to run around the street
without a neckerchief, girl?

Petty attacks that would otherwise carry little sting for
Esmeralda are virtually mortal blows as they come at her before
Phoebus, and the gypsy turns pleading eyes on the captain, who
looks away just as with a BLEAT--

DJALI

scampers up beside her mistress. Attached to her collar is a
little green canvas bag. Stroking her goat and bowing--

ESMERALDA

Madame, mademoiselle, good captain,
I'd best be going.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Nonsense, stay. Please, we'd love
to see your goat do a trick.

ESMERALDA

No I really can't.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

But what's this?

And before Esmeralda can stop her, Fleur-de-Lys has taken and
opened the bag. Out spill--

SEVEN WOODEN ALPHABET BLOCKS

FLEUR-DE-LYS (CONT'D)

Teaching your goat to read?

Tightly gripping Djali around the neck, blushing horribly--

ESMERALDA

No. You must let us leav--

But even as she speaks she is too late. Wriggling from her grip
Djali moves to the blocks and with her hoof begins turning them
over.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

P...H...O...

Glancing back at her mother as the goat continues--

FLEUR-DE-LYS (CONT'D)

Isn't this just delightful mother,
this clever...

But her voice trails off as she sees her mother's expression
mold into one of horror. She snaps her gaze back to the blocks.
Even as Esmeralda reaches for them to mix them up, Phoebus's
fiance can see they read--

P-H-O-E-B-U-S

Fleur-de-Lys shudders.

FLEUR-DE-LYS (CONT'D)

Your goat wrote that?

Esmeralda vaguely nods. Fleur-de-Lys gives her a poisonous
smile, and quietly--

FLEUR-DE-LYS (CONT'D)

She has a wonderful memory, doesn't she, Phoebus..?

Fleur-de-Lys bursts into tears. Phoebus is dumbstruck and as Esmeralda gathers her things--

MADAME DE GONDELAURIER

Get out of my house you witch! Get out! Get out!

Without another look at anyone Esmeralda leads Djali quickly through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NORTH TOWER BELFRY - DUSK

Quasimodo remains exactly as he was peering out over the balustrade as--

Esmeralda and Djali scamper from the Gothic house and cross the square. As the sixteen year old gypsy disappears from sight, Quasimodo gives a tortured sigh. Shuffling to his ungainly feet he turns to--

HIS BELLS

Pressing the wart-blinded, ugly side of his face against the thick bronze curve of the largest bell--

QUASIMODO

strokes it like a lover; strokes it, then kisses it, then falls to his knees and sobs.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A TAVERN - NIGHT

A large and crowded room with a low ceiling supported in the middle by a thick yellow wooden pillar. The air is filled with smoke, SWEARING, and SONG from the UNIVERSITY STUDENTS who filling the four long tables, eat, drink, smoke, and fondle virtually naked PROSTITUTES. In the corner, seated by a dirty, stained glass window--

CAPTAIN PHOEBUS

looks up as a frothing mug of beer is planted before him, and taking the opposite seat, his own beer in one hand, two more in reserve--

JEHAN

To your health, Captain Phoebus.

They clink mugs and drink. Wiping his lips--

PHOEBUS

You're a life-saver, Jehan, but I thought you were broke?

Jehan grins, tosses his curly blond hair and produces a heavy purse. He pours out a pile of coins.

PHOEBUS (CONT'D)

Good God, did you rob someone?

JEHAN

Didn't need to. I have a brother who's both an archdeacon and an imbecile. He made me promise to study, then gave it to me. Told me to find you, that you'd keep my nose clean.

Both young men laugh. Jehan raises his mug and--

JEHAN

To your brother!

PHOEBUS

Here, here!

They finish off their first two and immediately go to the next.

JEHAN

What to drink to now?

PHOEBUS

Esmeralda.

JEHAN

The gypsy girl?

PHOEBUS

(triumphant)

Who I'm seeing tonight.

And hitting glasses they toss these two down, Jehan immediately turning to a BARMAID with--

JEHAN

Four more!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE TAVERN - NIGHT

Jehan and Phoebus can be seen silhouetted in candlelight through the stained-glass window, the number of empty mugs before them having grown to legion proportion.

Watching them from the deep shadows of a doorway across the street waits--

CLAUDE FROLLO

The hood of his black robe pulled far over his brow, while over that his face is further shadowed by a wide-brimmed black hat. Only his piercing eyes are visible in the dark of night. Presently, the tavern door swings open.

JEHAN AND PHOEBUS

wander into the street, Jehan reeling from his liquor on the verge of passing out. As the two young men begin stumbling up the street, Frolo follows at a distance.

PHOEBUS

What do you mean you're out of money?

JEHAN

I mean we sure had fun, huh?

Jehan trips; Phoebus steadies him, frowning with--

PHOEBUS

But you promised me a livre--
Esmeralda, remember-- I have to pay
for the room.

JEHAN

You lucky dog. What I'd do for a
room with that wench.

(folding his hands as
if praying)

Just one night, dear God.

Saving his drunken partner yet again--

PHOEBUS

Don't you have anything left?

JEHAN

Yes. The awareness of having well
spent the hours in an excellent
sauce.

Jehan stumbles again. This time Phoebus lets him sprawl in the gutter. Jehan looks at him and just laughs and laughs and laughs.

PHOEBUS

Enjoy yourself you rat.

And with that the captain strides off into the night. Jehan remains where he is convulsing with laughter only to gasp at the sight of--

TWO EYES

staring down at him from within the shadows of the hood and hat surrounding them. Jehan gives no indication of recognizing his brother.

JEHAN

Get thee gone, phantom monk!

Frollo neither speaks nor reveals himself. Frightened, Jehan crawls up onto the curb, then pulls himself into a doorway. In a moment, Jehan begins to snore and the archdeacon sets his pace after the receding figure of Phoebus.

EXT. A NARROW STREET - NIGHT

Phoebus at one end, the cloaked and hooded Frollo at the other, they are the only figures visible on this street. And slowly Frollo closes the distance, Phoebus seemingly unaware of his approach until as--

FROLLO

moves within ten feet-- SHHHING!

PHOEBUS'S SWORD

leaps from its scabbard, the captain spinning, the blade dancing near the shrouded priest's heart. Frollo freezes but he isn't afraid. Phoebus grins, pleased with himself, then narrows his gaze. He is unable to make out any features but--

THE HOODED MAN'S EYES

CLAUDE FROLLO

Captain Phoebus de Chateaupers!

PHOEBUS

How the devil do you know my name?

CLAUDE FROLLO

Your name is not all I know. You have a rendezvous tonight..?

Believing this strange priest hardly a threat, Phoebus lowers his sword, stepping in to get a closer look, with--

PHOEBUS

Yes...

CLAUDE FROLLO

At seven.

PHOEBUS

Yes-- who are you?!

Frollo grabs Phoebus's wrist, twisting the sword from his hand.

CLAUDE FROLLO
With a certain gypsy girl...

Straining against the archdeacon's grip--

PHOEBUS
Yes! Release me you fiend!

CLAUDE FROLLO
Her name!

PHOEBUS
Christ's mercy, you're hurting me!

CLAUDE FROLLO
HER NAME!

PHOEBUS
ESMERALDA!

And just as the captain wrenches free, Frolo's other hand sweeps in, something glittering in his fingers and before Phoebus can do anything about it--

A SILVER COIN

is forced into his fist. Looking at the coin in astonishment--

PHOEBUS (CONT'D)
What's this? I don't understand?

CLAUDE FROLLO
For the room. I want to watch.

Phoebus grimaces, unsure, but--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
If you'd like, return the coin.
You can have your girl on the cold
stones of this alley rather than
the warmth of a feather bed.

Phoebus gives a drunken shrug and--

PHOEBUS
Hell, she's only a gypsy. What do
I care..?

And picking up his sword, Phoebus starts after the phantom priest.

EXT. A DINGY HOUSE - NIGHT

One of many hovels overlooking the Seine. With the inscrutable priest beside him, Phoebus KNOCKS on the door. Nothing, only the sound of the RIVER, then the door flies open startling Phoebus.

AN OLD CRONE with a cat's face, holding a lamp and bent almost double, ushers them inside.

INT. THE FOYER - NIGHT

There's a little table, a CHILD playing in the corner, and rickety stairs leading up into darkness. Phoebus hands the old crone the large silver coin. Her eyes bug out.

THE OLD CRONE

That's a lot of money, Captain
Phoebus...

CLAUDE FROLLO

You may have it all.

She quickly stashes it in a drawer in the table. Then shifting her gaze to Phoebus--

THE OLD CRONE

Who's this? I thought you said you
were bringing a woman?

Before Phoebus can answer--

CLAUDE FROLLO

You will ask no more questions.

The old crone shivers at his icy tone, then finding a key leads them up the stairs. As soon as they are gone from sight--

THE CHILD

creeps to the table. Opening the drawer he snatches up the silver coin and drops into the drawer--

A WITHERED OLD LEAF

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

The woman opens the door for the pair, and leaving the lamp, goes. There's a bed, a window overlooking the river and a closet. Pointing to the closet--

PHOEBUS

You can watch from in there.

INT. THE CLOSET - NIGHT

Frollo opens the closet and steps inside. Closing the door behind him--

PHOEBUS

I'll go for the girl now, but I'll
be back.

Then Frollo is alone in the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - LATER

Dark until the door opens and lamp in hand Phoebus leads the blushing, palpitating, speechless Esmeralda into the room. In her arms she carries her goat. As Phoebus sets the lamp on the floor--

PHOEBUS

So here we are, my dove.

ESMERALDA

Please don't despise me, Captain Phoebus. I feel I'm doing something wrong.

INT. THE CLOSET - NIGHT

Claude Frollo catches his breath at the sound of her voice. He presses his eye to the crack in the door.

FROLLO'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH CRACK - THE BEDROOM

PHOEBUS

Despise you! My God, but why?

ESMERALDA

For coming here with you. For doing what we're about to do.

Stroking his moustache and taking a seat on the bed--

PHOEBUS

For that? Why I ought to hate you rather than despise you.

Esmeralda looks at him with undisguised alarm. Releasing Djali--

ESMERALDA

Hate me?

PHOEBUS

For being so difficult to persuade...

With that he pats the spot on the bed beside him.

PHOEBUS (CONT'D)

Come, Esmeralda.

As Esmeralda timidly approaches the bed, FROLLO'S BREATHING BECOMES HEAVY AND ERRATIC.

ESMERALDA

I was only difficult because I'm
breaking a vow...

And from beneath her dress she withdraws a small canvas bag
hanging by string around her neck.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

I was a foundling child, without
parents. The amulet inside is to
make me one day meet my father and
mother, but it will lose its power
if I lose my virtue...

Phoebus raises his eyebrows, and trying to sound gallant--

PHOEBUS

To the devil with gypsy magic I say.
Come... Sit...

Esmeralda gives him a wistful smile. Gazing at him with
longing, she sighs...

ESMERALDA

The amulet will lose its power, but
it doesn't matter! After tonight
I'll have no need of parents! I
love you, Phoebus!

PHOEBUS

You love me?

Esmeralda snuggles into the captain's lap, nodding. Watching
this--

CLAUDE FROLLO

gives a soft, guttural moan. His hands tear at his cheeks, at
his hair, and--

FROLLO'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH CRACK - THE BEDROOM

As Phoebus slips his arms around the girl FROLLO'S SOFT, PAINFUL
MOANING becomes continuous.

ESMERALDA

Oh, Phoebus, you are good, you're
noble and handsome. You saved my
life.

She strokes his face, continuing with--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

I dreamed of you even before I knew
you, Phoebus... An officer...with
a sword...

Phoebus's hands begin to unlace the front of the girl's dress. Esmeralda's voice grows thick, passion and nerves colliding inside her, and dropping her hand to his belt--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

I love your name: Phoebus... I love
your sword.

Phoebus swallows, slightly confused, but Esmeralda--

UNBUCKLES HIS BELT

she pulls the scabbard free and holds the sword before Phoebus.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Draw your sword, Phoebus, let me
see it!

PHOEBUS

You child...

But smiling he draws his saber. The gypsy girl runs--

HER FINGER

down its spine, as--

Inside the closet the silver blade of a dagger glitters in
Claude Frollo's hand.

ESMERALDA KISSES

Phoebus's blade.

ESMERALDA

You are the sword of a brave man.
I love my captain.

Overcome with lust Phoebus tears open Esmeralda's dress. As
her breasts become exposed she gives a frightened little SCREAM.
Tossing his sword across the room--

PHOEBUS

Don't be afraid.

And he lowers his mouth to her bosom, his tongue parting his
lips as--

ESMERALDA

Do you love me, Phoebus?

PHOEBUS

Of course I love you, dear angel
of my life!

FROLLO

writhes with agony watching--

PHOEBUS'S HAND

disappear up between the girl's legs.

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gasping, somewhere between pleasure and terror--

ESMERALDA

And when we marry-- promise you'll
always love me!

Phoebus freezes. His hand retreats.

PHOEBUS

Marry? Bah! Why should we marry?

Esmeralda goes pale, she starts to pull away, and hastily--

PHOEBUS (CONT'D)

I love you, Esmeralda! That's
what's important! I guess you don't
really love me...

Tears begin forming in the confused girl's eyes.

ESMERALDA

Of course I do!

Giving her a reproachful look--

PHOEBUS

It doesn't seem that way...

At that Esmeralda cries, but her hands draw Phoebus back to her breasts. She kisses his hair, his neck; she moans as his hand moves back between her legs. Trembling, she arches back, her eyes cast to the ceiling, when suddenly appearing above Phoebus's head is--

CLAUDE FROLLO'S FACE

livid, green, convulsive, with the look of hell in its eyes. Close to his cheek he holds--

THE DAGGER

Esmeralda SCREAMS. Phoebus grins. Then the knife flashes down disappearing between Phoebus's neck and clavicle.

PHOEBUS

(hardly a word)
...what...

Blood sprays all over Esmeralda as HOWLING--

CLAUDE FROLLO

pulls free the knife then digs it in again. Phoebus lurches to his feet his SCREAMS joining both Esmeralda's and the priest's as he claws for the knife in--

HIS NECK

Esmeralda watches his hands seal around its hilt, blood pouring everywhere, then HER VISION GOES A PAINFUL WHITE--

THEN GRAY--

THEN BLACK.

All that remain are her SCREAMS.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE PALACE OF JUSTICE - DUSK

As people come and go, Gringoire and Clopin Trouillefou, King of the Court of Miracles, shoulder their way up the steps and through the doors.

INT. THE GREAT HALL - EVENING

The stage and all the trappings of the Feast of Fools are long since gone. The room is large and mostly dark. Here and there several candles on tables light up the heads of CLERKS bent over stacks of paper. One end of the room is occupied by the CROWD. Gringoire and Clopin take their place among them. Looking left and right the poet notices--

LAWYERS

sitting at tables, joining the CROWD in looking over the checkered marble floor at a raised platform where row upon row of JUDGES sit with frozen, sinister faces, the last row of these frightful men lost in the dark and shadows. The rest of the room bristles with the pikes and halberds of NUMEROUS SOLDIERS.

Every eye is on Esmeralda. Her hands chained behind her she is on her knees before the judges. Gringoire sighs with bitter disappointment.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Bring in the next witness.

THE PROVOST SERGEANT

Bring in the next witness!

A lawyer leads the old crone into the room. She faces the judges. After an interminable pause the old crone begins looking around. She figures it out.

Clearing her throat and spitting into a rag--

THE OLD CRONE

My Lords, it's as true as my name is Falourdel that I've been established for forty years on the Pont Saint-Michel and always paid my rent and taxes. I'm a poor old woman now, my lords, but once I was a pretty girl... People remember... Well, one night I was spinning when someone knocked on my door. I opened it and two men came in. One of them was dressed in black and the other was a handsome officer. You couldn't see the one in black, excepting his eyes, and they were like burning coals. They wanted a room and the officer gave me a crown. I put it in my draw thinking to myself, "that will buy some tripe tomorrow at the slaughterhouse." We went upstairs and right after that the officer went out alone. A short while passed before he returned with a gypsy girl.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

It would please the court if you'd identify this gypsy girl.

Jerking her head at Esmeralda but not looking at her--

THE OLD CRONE

That's her right there. She had a goat with her too. White-- black-- I can't remember, but it made me uneasy, those animals being part of witchcraft and all... But I took the captain and the girl upstairs, back to the room. I left them alone in there and went back downstairs. All at once I hear screaming, then something falling on the floor above me, then the sound of a window being opened. I ran to my window, which is underneath, and I saw something black go flying past and fall into the river.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

The ghost dressed as the priest?

The old crone nods, with--

THE OLD CRONE

Aye, the phantom monk. The moon was shining and I saw it very clearly. It swam over toward the right bank and dissolved into the night. By then I was trembling like a leaf. I called for help. The gentlemen of the watch came in and started beating me. When they stopped I managed to explain what had happened. We went upstairs. Oh, my lords, the blood was everywhere, pools of it... The captain was clutching a dagger in his neck and screaming, the girl was pretending to be dead and the goat was laughing like a demon.

By now the CROWD IS ABUZZ.

THE OLD CRONE (CONT'D)

But the worst of it was, when I went to get the coin the next day it had turned into a dried leaf.

A MAN IN THE CROWD

A ghost and a goat-- witchcraft!

A WOMAN IN THE CROWD

That gypsy's a demon!

Gringoire even looks a little frightened, but through all this--
ESMERALDA

has remained impassive. The Chief Magistrate pounds a gavel.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Silence!

(then to his witness)

Is this the leaf?

He holds up the dried leaf. The old crone nods.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

But you say the officer gave you the coin?

She nods again. A MURMUR ripples through the court, but one of the lawyers rises, a document in his hand, and--

THE LAWYER

May I remind the court that in a deposition taken while he was still bleeding, the captain stated that as soon as the man in black spoke to him, he too believed it was a phantom monk. He also stated that it was this phantom monk who urged him into this insidious assignation and provided the coin with which he later paid for the room. It was therefore a coin from hell!

As the rest of the judges mutter about this seemingly conclusive proof the lawyer takes his seat with--

THE LAWYER (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, you have all the evidence. The captain is engaged to Mademoiselle Gondelaurier-- what business would he have with a mere gypsy? A dying man would not lie. You can consult the deposition of Captain Phoebus de Chateaupers.

At the mention of this name Esmeralda shoots to her feet with--

ESMERALDA

He loves me! Phoebus! Where is he? Please, I beg you gentlemen, before you kill me, tell me if he still lives!

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Woman: be silent! That is not your business!

Her face is pale; her hair tangled in disarray, her lips blue her eyes hollow she continues with--

ESMERALDA

Take pity! Does he live?

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

...he is dying. Now, are you content?

Esmeralda sinks to the floor, speechless, tearless, white like a wax figure.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

Bring in the second prisoner.

THE PROVOST SERGEANT

Bring in the second prisoner!

All eyes turn toward the little door through which the old crone arrived. A lawyer leads Djali into the courtroom. Unable to help himself, Gringoire blurts out--

GRINGOIRE

Djali, you're alive!

All at once the goat catches sight of Esmeralda. Tearing free of her captor, Djali bounds over to Esmeralda's knees. She rolls over at her mistress' feet, begging for some affection, but the gypsy girl remains motionless.

THE OLD CRONE

Lord save us! That's the nasty beast!

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

If the demon that possesses this goat, and that resists all exorcisms, persists in its sorceries-- if the goat tries to frighten us with them-- we forewarn her that we shall be obliged to demand that she be sentenced to the gallows or to the stake along with the girl.

Turning to one of the shadowy figures behind him--

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

Archdeacon, you may proceed.

Djali is pulled to her feet and lead away from Esmeralda, while emerging from the shadows--

CLAUDE FROLLO

clothed in his finest, flowing vestments climbs from the platform. Upon seeing him, Esmeralda recoils with terror, but he never so much as looks her way. From beneath the folds of his cloak he produces the tambourine. He kneels before the goat. Tilting--

THE TAMBOURINE

at a calculated angle--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Djali, what time is it.

The goat looks at Frolo intelligently, then raising one of its gilded hooves it STAMPS SEVEN TIMES on the instrument. In the distance, CHURCH BELLS can be heard confirming this. The people are stunned into silence.

Gringoire, however, fights his way to the forefront yelling into the court--

GRINGOIRE

Stop! It's a trick! He knows it is; the goat is sealing its own doom!

Grabbing him, pulling him back into the anonymity of the crowd--

CLOPIN

Don't be a fool! You'll be up there next!

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Silence in the audience!

Turning the tambourine again--

CLAUDE FROLLO

What month is it?

The goat TAPS FOUR TIMES. Turning the instrument again--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

What day is it?

The goat TAPS TEN TIMES. Then smiling, Frolo unties the canvas bag around the goats neck. Out come the blocks, and--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Spell for us, Djali. Who did you, your mistress and the phantom monk murder...?

P-H-O-E-B-U-S

Turning to the Chief Magistrate--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

My lord, as you can see, the blocks read, "Phoebus."

The archdeacon returns to his seat. This time Esmeralda doesn't even move.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Witch! Do you deny any of this?

Esmeralda doesn't answer. She just stares at the floor. A sergeant steps over and roughly shakes her, forcing her to look at the Chief Magistrate.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

Girl, you are of the Bohemian race, given to evil deeds. In consort with this bewitched goat, you did, on the night of the twenty-ninth of March last, wound and stab, in consort with the powers of darkness,
(more)

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE (Cont'd)
by the aid of charms and spells,
a captain of the king's archers,
Phoebus de Chateaupers. Do you
persist in denying the charge?

ESMERALDA
Horrible!
(and hiding her face
in her hands)
My Phoebus! This is HELLLL!!

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE
DO YOU PERSIST IN DENYING THE
CHARGE?

ESMERALDA
Yes! I do deny it!

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE
Then how do you explain the charges?

She rises, her eyes flashing, and pointing out Claude Frollo--

ESMERALDA
Ask him! He's your phantom priest!
Him! He's always after me! He's
the one who did it! I saw his face!

Eyes turn to the archdeacon. There is GRUMBLING among the
judges, the lawyers, the audience and shaking his head in
disgust--

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE
In view of the prisoner's obstinacy,
I recommend the application of
torture.

Off Esmeralda's look of horror--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE TORTURE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The master torturer, last seen whipping Quasimodo, tightens the
wrist straps that bind Esmeralda to a leather bed as leaning
in over her--

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE
My dear girl, do you still persist
in your denial?

ESMERALDA
...yes...

The Chief Magistrate nods to the master torturer, then joins
the crowd of judges and priests lining the back of the room.

Behind them all stands--

CLAUDE FROLLO

his eyes meet Esmeralda's for a brief moment. Both pairs of eyes are filled with horror.

THE MASTER TORTURER

lifts Esmeralda's foot. He forces it into a metal boot-like contraption studded with tightening screws. He begins to turn them.

Esmeralda grimaces in pain. Frolo does the same.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Do you deny the charges.

ESMERALDA

I'M INNOCENT!

Another nod, the screws are tightened again. Esmeralda begins SCREAMING and thrashing on the bed. Frolo goes completely white, his face looking as if he were holding back his own scream, while at his feet--

BLOOD

begins to drip from within his vestments.

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Do you deny the charges!

ESMERALDA

YESSSS!!

The screws. More pain. She SCREAMS LOUDER. And beneath Frolo's robes his hand is moving across his chest. More blood splatters around his feet. Then--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Nooo! Stop... I did it!

The master torturer tightens the screws.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

I DID IT! I confess-- I confess--
MEEEEERRCY!!

A swift nod and the boot is quickly removed. There is little blood on--

ESMERALDA'S FOOT

THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE (O.S.)
It is my duty to tell you that you
must expect death as the result of
your confession.

A wave of peace washes over--

ESMERALDA'S FACE

ESMERALDA
I welcome it.

FADE OUT.

Over BLACKNESS comes the SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER. DRIP-DRIP...
DRIP-DRIP... DRIP-DRIP... And now we--

FADE IN:

on WET, MOLDY STONE

It is almost too dark to see, but slowly three drops of water
forming on the stone's surface become visible. They are joined
by the faintest memory of ESMERALDA'S SCREAMS; like the water
droplets, THESE CRIES gather from nothing, come together,
gaining weight and then as--

THE THREE DROPS FALL THROUGH SPACE

the SCREAMS are upon us, tearing through our hearts. FOCUS ON
THE FIRST FALLING DROP: inside it is--

ESMERALDA

SCREAMING beneath Phoebus as his blood pours down on her--

FOCUS ON THE SECOND FALLING DROP: inside it is--

CLAUDE FROLLO

watching Esmeralda dancing before the bonfire--

FOCUS ON THE THIRD FALLING DROP: inside it is--

PHOEBUS

saving Esmeralda from the clutches of Quasimodo. And all this
time ESMERALDA'S SCREAMING is growing LOUDER AND LOUDER.

The first drop descends toward a dark puddle. Reflected in its
surface is--

ESMERALDA'S FACE

visible for a brief instant: drained of life, smeared with dirt, her eyes neither sleeping nor awake, then--

SPLASH! the droplet breaks the surface, the screams abruptly stop, and reflected in the puddle is A CLEAR IMAGE OF--

FROLLO AND DJALI

in the court. A ripple-- back to Esmeralda's face-- then the second droplet hits the puddle-- SPLASH! the surface breaks, the image changes and, LESS CLEARLY it becomes--

PHOEBUS

clutching the knife in his neck. The IMAGE DISSOLVES, back to Esmeralda's face, and the third drop-- SPLASH! TRANSPOSED OVER ESMERALDA'S REFLECTION is THE FAINT REFLECTION OF--

CLAUDE FROLLO

hidden in his hood and hat, really only his PIERCING EYES, then, PULLING BACK this is revealed as--

INT. A DUNGEON CELL - DARK, TIMELESS

Esmeralda, petrified, numb and virtually lifeless, sits in chains upon a pile of dirty straw beside a jug, and a crust of bread. Stone stairs lead into the blackness above her, while water, seeping through the stone ceiling, provides a continuous pattern of DRIPS into the puddle at her feet.

The fire that blazed so brightly for sixteen years in her heart is now but a dying glimmer without heat. A little girl without hope, without feeling. We'd think she had died with her eyes open were it not for--

A RAT

which, lunging from the darkness, scurries across her lap to her wrist, it's nose sniffing out the dried blood caked around the manacles. Esmeralda shudders and flicks the rat away.

From the top of the stairs comes the sound of a KEY IN A RUSTY LOCK. HINGES GROAN and Esmeralda looks up to see--

A LANTERN

in a hand and the lower parts of the bodies of two men, one of them beginning to descend into her tomb.

Eyes blinking painfully, Esmeralda turns away. When she looks back, the lantern has been placed on the lowest step of the staircase and a man stands before her. Dressed in his black cloak, his face hidden in his hood, it is, of course--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Esmeralda stares at him for several moments; they are like two statues facing each other. The lantern wick CRACKLES. Then, in a voice so defeated and broken, so unlike Esmeralda's that it is startling--

ESMERALDA

Who are you?

CLAUDE FROLLO

A priest.

His tone is soft, like a priest's, but undeniably a voice she should recognize. She doesn't. And he continues.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Are you prepared?

ESMERALDA

For what?

CLAUDE FROLLO

For death.

Raising her head, a faint flicker of joy in her tone--

ESMERALDA

Oh! Will it be soon?

CLAUDE FROLLO

Tomorrow. You will do penance before the Cathedral, then you will be hanged at the Place de Greve.

The gypsy girl's head falls to her bosom and murmuring--

ESMERALDA

Tomorrow? That's a long time! Why not today? It would have made no difference to them.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Are you very unhappy then?

ESMERALDA

I'm cold.

The archdeacon glances about the cell.

CLAUDE FROLLO

No light! No fire! In water! This is horrible!

ESMERALDA
(a bewildered child)
Yes. Daylight belongs to everyone.
Why do they give me only night?

CLAUDE FROLLO
Do you know why you are here?

A long pause follows. Esmeralda rubs her temples as though trying to dislodge a memory, then, slowly--

ESMERALDA
I think I knew, once. But I don't
any more.

With that Esmeralda bursts into tears like a child.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
I want to get out of here, sir.
I'm cold, I'm afraid and there are
animals crawling all over my body.

Then reaching out his hand--

CLAUDE FROLLO
Take my hand. I will get you out
of here.

Reaching out, Esmeralda does as she's told.

THEIR HANDS

join, but with a shriek she pulls back as if burned and crawling
as far away as her chains allow her--

ESMERALDA
It's you!

Folding back his hood, Frolo reveals his sinister face, pinning
her with his eyes, as murmuring in a low tone--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
Finish me! Finish me! The last
blow!

CLAUDE FROLLO
I horrify you that much?

She doesn't answer.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
Do I horrify you that much?

Bursting out sobbing, raising her eyes to her tormentor--

ESMERALDA

Who are you? What have I done to you? Why do you hate me so?

CLAUDE FROLLO

I love you!

Esmeralda abruptly stops crying, staring at him, stupefied. Frolo falls to his knees, looking at her with fiery eyes--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Do you hear me? I love you!

ESMERALDA

(shuddering)

What love!

CLAUDE FROLLO

The love of one damned!

Crushed by the forces of emotional pain they both fall silent for some time, then, a strange calmness falling over him--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Listen...before I saw you I was happy.

ESMERALDA

So was I!

CLAUDE FROLLO

Do not interrupt me. I was happy. I was pure and my soul was full of limpid clarity. No one held his head more proudly than I. Priests consulted me on chastity and theologians on doctrine. Knowledge was everything for me. I shunned women. And so long as the devil sent to attack me only vague shadows-- of women who passed before my eyes in the church or in the streets, I vanquished him easily. But...

Frolo rubs his face with his hands, then he looks at his hands as if they were unclean. He breathes deeply then--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

But one day... One day I heard the sound of a tambourine coming through the window of my cell. Annoyed at being disturbed in my studies, I looked down into the square. There, in the middle of the pavement-- a creature was dancing-- a creature so beautiful that God would have preferred her to the Virgin,

(more)

CLAUDE FROLLO (Cont'd)
 would have chosen her for His mother
 and wanted to be born of her if she
 had existed when He became man!
 Alas, dear girl, it was you... And
 oh! you angel of fire! I watched
 you so intently that suddenly I
 shivered with fright. The hand of
 Fate had touched me.

The priest, quite overcome, his chest heaving as he gulps for
 air, stops for a moment, then--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
 Half seduced already, I clutched
 for something that would break my
 fall. I recalled the snares which
 Satan had already laid for me. But
 just as I was thinking this, I saw
 a goat beside you, an animal of the
 witches' sabbath, looking at me and
 laughing. Then I understood that
 you came from hell, and that you
 came to destroy me. I believed it.

Looking into Esmeralda's impassive face with cold eyes--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
 I believe it still... From that day
 forward, there was within me a
 spirit I did not know. Constantly
 hearing your voice in my head,
 constantly seeing your feet dancing
 on my breviary, constantly feeling
 your body brushing against my flesh
 at night, I had to see you again,
 know you, touch you-- I hoped that
 a new impression would obliterate
 the first which had become
 intolerable for me. I sought you
 out. I saw you again. But alas!
 Having seen you twice, I wanted to
 see you a thousand times! I wanted
 to see you forever-- So how could
 I doubt your magic then?

Realizing Esmeralda isn't looking at him, Frollo takes her chin
 and turns her face toward his. She snaps her face away. With
 an angry snort--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
 That's when I tried to carry you
 off. But that wretched officer
 saved you. Finally, not knowing
 what else to do, I denounced you
 to the Ecclesiastical Court. I
 thought-- I thought that a trial
 (more)

CLAUDE FROLLO (Cont'd)
 would somehow bring us together,
 that in a prison I could hold you,
 have you, that you'd be unable to
 escape from me, that since you'd
 possessed me for so long, I would
 possess you! When one thinks evil,
 one must consummate it-- a priest
 and a witch can mingle in its
 ecstasy on the straw of a dungeon
 floor...! You know the rest.

The priest falls silent. Finding her voice, Esmeralda has only
 one word to say:

ESMERALDA

Phoebus!

CLAUDE FROLLO

Not that name! Don't mention that
 name! It has ruined us both,
 wretched creatures that we are...!
 You're suffering, aren't you? You
 are cold. Darkness blinds you.
 The dungeon envelops you; but
 perhaps you still have a glimmer
 of light within you, be it only your
 childish love for that hollow man
 who was playing with your heart!
 But for me? I bear the dungeon
 within me, within me there is
 winter, ice and despair; my soul
 is plunged in darkness. Do you know
 all I have suffered?! I was there
 when they strapped you down. I saw
 your foot, which I would have given
 an empire to kiss only once and then
 die-- I saw that foot crushed, and
 while I was watching, I slashed my
 chest with a dagger which I held
 beneath my cloak. When you
 screamed, I plunged it into my
 flesh. Had you screamed again, I
 would have plunged it into my heart!
 Look!

And tearing open his cassock--

CLAUDE FROLLO'S CHEST

is torn as if by the claws of a tiger; in his side there is a
 wide, badly healed wound. Esmeralda recoils in horror.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Have pity on me! You think yourself
 miserable? Alas, you don't know
 what misery is! Oh! to love
 (more)

CLAUDE FROLLO (Cont'd)
 a woman! to be a priest! to be
 hated! to love her with all the
 fury of one's soul! to feel that
 one would give, for the least of
 her smiles, one's blood, one's fame,
 one's salvation, one's life in this
 world and in God's eternity! To
 regret not being a king, an emperor,
 an archangel, a god, in order to
 place a greater slave at her feet!
 To press her body to you night and
 day in dreams and thoughts, only
 to see her in love with a soldier's
 uniform, and have nothing to offer
 her but a priest's soiled cassock
 which frightens and disgusts her!
 To see that body, those sweet,
 delicate breasts palpitating under
 the kisses of another! To love her
 foot, her arm, her shoulder-- to
 think of her blue veins, her brown
 skin until you writhe on the floor
 of your cell for nights on end, then
 see all caresses you've dreamed of
 giving her end in torture-- to have
 succeeded only in laying her down
 upon a bed of leather! These are
 the true pincers heated in the fires
 of hell! Do you know what torture
 it is when for long nights your
 blood boils, your heart breaks, your
 head bursts and your teeth bite into
 your hands? Have mercy on me! I
 beg you, wipe away the perspiration
 that streams from my brow! Torture
 me with one hand but caress me with
 the other!

And Frollo rolls in the puddle on the floor, hammering his head
 against the stone steps. Esmeralda watches him in disgust.
 And, when he finally stops, exhausted and panting, she softly
 repeats--

ESMERALDA
 Oh, my Phoebus...

Crawling to her on his knees--

CLAUDE FROLLO
 I beg you, if you have any
 compassion at all, do not repulse
 me! I love you! When you say his
 name, it's as though you were
 grinding between your teeth every
 fiber of my heart! Mercy! If
 you've been sent from hell, I'll
 (more)

CLAUDE FROLLO (Cont'd)
 go there with you! Hell with you
 would be my paradise; the sight of
 you more charming than that of God!
 Take me..? Take me..? We could
 be so happy. We'd run away-- I
 could arrange your escape-- and we
 would go to the place with the most
 sunlight, the most trees, the most
 blue sky! Our two souls would be
 one, and we would quench our thirst
 together from the inexhaustible well
 of our love!

Esmeralda bursts into CRUEL LAUGHTER.

ESMERALDA
 Look, father! You have blood under
 your fingernails!

Frollo chews and sucks on his lips without making a sound.
 Then, with unusual mildness--

CLAUDE FROLLO
 Yes... Yes... Insult me, jeer at
 me, scorn me! But come, come. You
 have only until tomorrow! The
 scaffold at the Place de Greve is
 always ready! It's horrible! To
 see you dragged there in a cart--
 Just follow me! You can learn to
 love me after I have saved you.
 You can hate me as long as you wish.
 But save yourself! Save me!

Insane, the priest grabs her arm as though to drag her away,
 but--

ESMERALDA
 What has become of my Phoebus?

Releasing her and recoiling--

CLAUDE FROLLO
 You are without pity!

ESMERALDA
 What has become of Phoebus?!

CLAUDE FROLLO
 He's dead!

ESMERALDA
 Dead..?! Then why talk to me of
 living?

But Frollo is not listening, and--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Yes, yes, he must be quite dead.
The blade went in very far. I think
I touched his heart with the point!

Esmeralda leaps on him like a tigress, pushing him against the steps with superhuman strength.

ESMERALDA

Go away murderer! Let me die! May
the blood of both Phoebus and me
be an everlasting stain upon your
head! Be your's priest? Never!
Never! Nothing will bring us
together, not even hell!

The priest stumbles on the steps. Untangling his feet from the folds of his torn cassock, he grabs his lantern and slowly, his face filled with misery, he ascends the stairs and disappears through the door.

Esmeralda is left in darkness. Suddenly a grating opens in the door, and his terrible face reappears, screaming--

CLAUDE FROLLO

HE'S DEAD! DEAD! DEAD!

The girl falls with her face to the floor. And no other sound is heard in the dungeon but DRIP, DRIP, DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLACE DE GREVE - NIGHT

The square is empty. Claude Frollo stares at the gallows tears streaming down his cheeks. He is about to leave when arresting him from the darkness of--

THE TOWER OF ROLAND

comes--

THE TOWER RECLUSE

Priest!

Wiping his eyes, the priest turns toward her. Framed between the thin iron bars is the woman's face.

THE TOWER RECLUSE (CONT'D)

They'll be hanging the gypsy girl
tomorrow?

Claude Frollo just stares at her, fists clenched, body trembling. Softly at first the Tower Recluse begins to LAUGH. Yet as the LAUGHTER CRESCENDOS, tears begin rolling down the woman's cheeks. Her laughter tearing him apart, Frollo squints his eyes, fighting to hold back more tears as she sobs--

THE TOWER RECLUSE

God is just, father. When I was young, I had a child out of wedlock. I loved that child. But God punished me and gypsies stole my baby and ate it. All that was ever found was this...

She holds up an old, rotting baby's shoe.

THE TOWER RECLUSE (CONT'D)

I sealed myself in this tower, surviving on whatever the good people of Paris left in this window. For fifteen years I have prayed for revenge. I've watched all manner of man and woman swing from that gibbet...but I've waited for a gypsy. God must have finally heard my prayers.

A long moment passes, then barely audible--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Tomorrow may your soul at least find rest.

Making the sign of the cross in the air, the priest gives the Tower Recluse a blessing.

CUT TO:

THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME

the morning sun streaming through the towers as seen from--

EXT. THE GONDELAURIER BALCONY - MORNING

--where Fleur-de-Lys watches as an enormous crowd fills the square, overflowing into all the adjacent streets. A line of soldiers armed with pikes and arquebuses holds back the mob from the front of the cathedral. The cathedral doors are closed.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

(calling over her shoulder)

Darling, come out and take a look at this wretched crowd.

Just then the clock of Notre-Dame slowly STRIKES NOON. A MURMUR of satisfaction rises from the crowd, someone yelling above the rest--

A CITIZEN

Here she comes!

While from within--

PHOEBUS (O.S.)

My wound. It still pains me to move
too much. Why don't you come
inside.

Turning away from the square--

FLEUR-DE-LYS

No. It serves you right-- leaving
for a month on maneuvers without
so much as a good-bye, then duelling
with your comrades-- the whole thing
seems suspect to me-- you're lucky
I took you back... Now come out
here!

Reluctantly emerging from within, Phoebus joins Fleur-de-Lys upon the balcony. Aside from a pale cast and a heavy bandage that wraps around his neck like a scarf, Phoebus doesn't look half-bad. Slipping his arms around her waist, he tries to sound ignorant, asking--

PHOEBUS

What's going on?

But before Fleur-de-Lys can answer, into the square comes--

A CART

led by the chief magistrate and the master torturer, drawn by strong Norman horses, surrounded by cavalrymen in purple uniforms with white crosses, while sitting inside it, hands tied in front of her, rides--

ESMERALDA

Stripped to her slip, her long hair falling over her half-uncovered breasts, she wears a heavy noose around her neck, which winds down her back like a snake. Beside her, Djali BLEATS forlornly.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

Phoebus! It's that nasty gypsy girl!

PHOEBUS

What gypsy girl?

FLEUR-DE-LYS

(baiting him)

What! Don't you remember...?

PHOEBUS

I don't know what you mean.

And he tries to escape back inside, but Fleur-de-Lys shoots him a mistrustful glance.

FLEUR-DE-LYS

What's the matter with you? One would think the sight of her troubles you-- as if you were the captain involved in that sordid trial...

PHOEBUS

Trouble me? Not in the least.

Nervously grasping the balcony railing he watches as--

EXT. NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - DAY

Esmeralda and her goat are roughly pulled from the cart. The rope around her neck, trails behind her as she walks barefooted to the bottom step of the cathedral, but even in her ultimate shame and despair she is still beautiful. A hush falls over the crowd.

We see among them, Jehan Frolo hanging onto a prostitute; Pierre Gringoire forlornly watching the goat; Clopin Trouillefou and behind him people from the Court of Miracles, then--

THE GREAT DOORS

open, revealing the entire length of the church. At the furthest extremity, in the shadow of the chancel, is the dim outline of a gigantic silver cross against the background of a piece of black drapery hanging from the ceiling to the floor. The heads of a few priests can be seen in the distant stalls of the choir where they begin, a SOLEMN, MONOTONOUS LATIN CHANT: THE MASS FOR THE DEAD.

The terrified, bewildered girl stares blindly into the somber interior of the church, her bloodless lips moving as if in prayer, but repeating over and over again--

ESMERALDA

...phoebus...phoebus...phoebus...

The chanting stops. A great golden cross and a row of candles begin to move in the darkness of the church. The soldier's pikes rattle. A moment later a long procession of PRIESTS and CHASUBLES and DEACONS emerge from inside, solemnly advancing toward the prisoner, chanting as they come.

ESMERALDA'S EYES

however, are fixed only on the man in front. Claude Frolo. He approaches her, and surveying her nakedness with an eye sparkling with lascivious desire, asks loudly--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Young girl! Have you asked God's pardon for your sins and misdeeds?

He thrusts a heavy candle of yellow wax into her hands, then leaning toward her, as if to hear her confession, he whispers--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Will you have me? I can still save you.

ESMERALDA

Be gone, Satan, or I'll denounce you!

He smiles a terrible smile and--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Again? They will not believe you. Answer me quickly, will you have me?

ESMERALDA

What has become of my Phoebus?

CLAUDE FROLLO

I told you he is dead!

But at that moment, Frollo, lifting his eyes toward the other side of the square, espies the captain and his fiancée on the balcony. Seething with fury, the priest raises his hand above her head he FINISHES THE MASS IN LATIN.

The people kneel.

THE PRIESTS

Kyrie Eleison!

THE PEOPLE

Kyrie Eleison!

CLAUDE FROLLO

Amen!

And pivoting on his heel, he joins hands with the cortege of priests, leading them into the cathedral. The massive doors SLAM shut.

INT. NOTRE-DAME CATHEDRAL - MORNING

Covering his face with his hands, Frollo leaves the rest of the priests, and disappears through a doorway and down a dark staircase.

INT. THE CRYPT - MORNING

A lantern flares, illuminating this narrow room of stone coffins. Having retreated from the chaos of the world above, Frollo just stands there staring at the sarcophagi.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - MORNING

Esmeralda is grabbed by the soldiers and hustled back into the cart, but at that moment, her eyes also stray to--

THE GONDELAURIER BALCONY

Her face fills with joy at the sight of Phoebus. But the captain and the woman beside him swiftly disappear into the house. Esmeralda stretches her bound hands toward the empty balcony, with--

ESMERALDA

PHOEBUS!

But the captain doesn't reappear, and--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

No! Don't tell me you believe it too!

And as the crowd and soldiers react to this strange display, no one notices high on--

EXT. THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME - DAY

QUASIMODO

perched and camouflaged between the gargoyles of stone, his deformed face thrust out and watching, but now he ties--

A LONG, KNOTTED ROPE

to one of the columns of the gallery, then climbing over the balustrade, clutching the rope in his massive hands, he slides down the facade like a monstrous spider, and leaps onto--

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - DAY

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! he pummels--

HIS FISTS

into the faces of the soldiers before him, scattering them like dominoes. Then, ripping down the wooden side of the cart, he beats--

THE MASTER TORTURER

with the thick wooden planking, while taking the gypsy girl in one arm as easily as a child picking up a rag doll. Esmeralda faints. ROARING LIKE A LION, he dashes into--

THE CHURCH

his broad feet planted solidly on the floor like massive Roman columns, and holding Esmeralda above his head, Quasimodo shouts in a formidable voice--

QUASIMODO

Sanctuary!

The pursuing soldiers come to an abrupt stop at the threshold of the church. They look to the chief magistrate, his head swivelling back and forth, his eyes darting, clearly he knows not what to do, as the crowd cries--

THE CROWD

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

Their APPLAUSE makes Quasimodo's eye sparkle with joy and pride. The noise brings Esmeralda back to consciousness. Opening her eyes she looks at--

QUASIMODO'S FACE

Terrified by his ugliness, she averts her gaze. Quasimodo glances at the quivering girl in his arms. He seems to understand her aversion to his deformities, and hugging her to his twisted chest like something precious and fragile, his face floods with tenderness and pity-- the two ultimate miseries of nature and of society have overcome the might of God, coming together to help each other.

Abruptly turning, the hunchback carries her inside the church.

EXT. THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME - DAY

After a few moments, he suddenly appears at one end of the Gallery of the Kings of France, Esmeralda still in his arms. Running wildly across it he shouts--

QUASIMODO

Sanctuary!

Then vanishing into the church again, he reappears on the platform above, still running, still shouting--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

Then making a third appearance atop the south tower--

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME

shows the girl triumphantly to the entire city and in his thunderous voice roars savagely to the sky--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)
 SANCTUARY! SANCTUARY! SANCTUARY!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - DAY

Disheveled and panting, Quasimodo carries a cowering Esmeralda into a cell, some six feet square, in the south tower. Kicking the small door closed with his foot, he sets her down by a window, then crouching beside her, the hunchback gently takes the rope from Esmeralda's neck. Timidly he retreats to the door.

Swallowing her fright--

ESMERALDA
 Why did you save me?

Quasimodo scans her face anxiously, trying to discern what she's said.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
 Why did you save me?

His only answer is a look of profound sadness, then he hastens away. The gypsy girl glances through the window. Outside over the rooftop can be seen the belfry of the north tower, while between the two locations--

A ROW OF GARGOYLE WATERSPOUTS

hang over the roof, seemingly stretching their necks, as if trying to look in at the girl. Shivering, she turns away. Quasimodo returns. Awkwardly he throws a bundle of clothes at her feet. Looking down at herself, Esmeralda realizes she is half-naked. She blushes. Quasimodo, feeling something of her modesty, covers--

HIS ONE EYE

with his hand and slowly backs from the room. Esmeralda hastily puts on a white dress and veil. Again, the hunchback returns. In his hands are basket with bread, wine and cheese, and a straw mattress. Placing the basket before her feet--

QUASIMODO
 Eat.
 (then the mattress)
 Sleep.

Feeling her vitality returning, Esmeralda considers the offerings.

ESMERALDA
 These are yours. Thank--

But looking up at him, she loses her voice to the sight of his utter deformity. She turns away with a shudder.

QUASIMODO

I frighten you. I am very ugly, aren't I? Don't look at me. Just listen. During the day, you stay here. At night you can walk around the church. But don't ever leave the church-- night or day-- If you do you'll be caught. They would kill you.

ESMERALDA

is moved by his words, but when she looks up, he is gone. Suddenly there is movement behind her. The gypsy girl starts, but it is only--

ESMERALDA

Djali! I'd forgotten you, but you still think of me. At least you are not ungrateful...

And as she strokes the happy goat's head, THE BELLS BEGIN TO RING in the north tower. Esmeralda steps to her window looking across the roof of the gallery to the belfry. There--

QUASIMODO

RINGS HIS BELLS blissfully leaping from one to another, setting them in motion with his broad hands; waving his arms like a conductor, and as their symphony grows, he calls them each by name--

QUASIMODO

Go on, Gabrielle, go on!

INT. THE NORTH BELFRY - DAY

Quasimodo's face is filled with a joyful brightness, and his voice rises over the increase of BELL-SONG--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

Pour out all your sound into the square! Today is a holiday!

He hops to another bell, urges it faster.

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

Don't be lazy, Thibault; you're slowing down. Go, go on!

Across the way, Esmeralda's face is just visible watching wide-eyed from her window as--

In a frenzy, the hunchback dodges between the now violently TOLLING BELLS, swinging two larger ones back and forth, back and forth with--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)
Faster! Faster! Make them all deaf
like me! Bravo, Guillaume! Bravo,
Pasquier!

Then laughing crazily, Quasimodo crouches at the edge of the LARGEST BELL'S arc. His expression extraordinarily wild, he waits for it to pass, then hurls himself headlong onto its back with--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)
SING, MARIE!

Seizing the brazen monster by its ears, gripping it with his knees, spurring it with his heels, with the whole force and weight of his body, he redoubles the FURY OF ITS PEALING. The entire cathedral THUNDERS; Quasimodo is in heaven, but--

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - DAY

Esmeralda falls to the floor, clutching her ears in pain and begins to weep, tears streaming down her face as if they will never end.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PLACE DE GREVE - NIGHT - A VISION

Esmeralda, neck broken, hangs from the gallows. The clock of Notre-Dame begins TOLLING MIDNIGHT.

INT. CLAUDE FROLLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

As the CLOCK CONTINUES CHIMING, Frollo is revealed sleeping at his desk, his head buried in the bible, his candle just about melted out. He awakens with a start, his eyes sweeping the room with confusion, then--

CLAUDE FROLLO
They must have cut her down by
now...taken her body out of town...

He rubs his face then starts as on THE STROKE OF TWELVE--
HIS CANDLE

gutters out. He sighs, then turning toward his window, recoils in shock. Silhouetted in the moonlight, inside--

THE SOUTH TOWER

slowly descending the stairs to the gallery, Frollo spies Esmeralda dressed in white with a flowing white veil.

Beside her a goat. Making the sign of the cross, he immediately throws closed his draperies. Heart pounding, he leans against the wall. Presently, he hears the FAINT SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS.

Frollo creeps to his door. THEY GROW LOUDER, then diminish as they pass. Opening the door a crack, Frollo peers into the hall.

ESMERALDA

pale and melancholy, her goat pattering behind her, disappears into a dark corridor.

Frollo sinks to his knees in sheer horror.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - MORNING

Esmeralda is awakened by the rising sun, smiling, she turns to the window, only to start at the sight of Quasimodo watching her from a perch atop the edge of the roof.

QUASIMODO

Don't be afraid. I'm your friend.
I've been watching you sleep since
you came back to your room last
night.

Turning her head, unable to look at him--

ESMERALDA

I was restless.

QUASIMODO (O.S.)

It's all right for me to be here
when your eyes are closed?

Continuing to avert her eyes, she doesn't respond.

QUASIMODO (CONT'D/O.S.)

I'm going now...behind a wall. You
can open your eyes.

His tone is even more plaintive than his words; Esmeralda forces herself to look, but indeed he is gone. Leaning out the window Esmeralda spies--

THE HUNCHBACK

hiding in a corner like a sorrowful child.

ESMERALDA

Come here.

EXT. THE ROOF - MORNING

Quasimodo looks at her, sees her mouth moving BUT CANNOT HEAR WHAT SHE SAYS. Standing, he begins to limp slowly away. A disturbed look comes across Esmeralda's face. SHE SPEAKS SILENTLY AGAIN then disappears from the window.

Confused, the hunchback creeps back toward the window. Just as he looks inside, Esmeralda appears on the roof. She takes his arm. Quasimodo trembles. HER LIPS MOVE AGAIN, but this time she accompanies her words with a motion that indicates her desire for him to accompany her.

Quasimodo's face beams with joy and tenderness, but standing his ground he shakes his deformed head with--

QUASIMODO

No, no. No.

Esmeralda releases him. And standing there on the roof they both fall silent, he contemplating her beauty, she, his ugliness.

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

Did you want me to come back?

ESMERALDA

Yes.

QUASIMODO

I'm sorry, but...you see... I am deaf.

ESMERALDA

Poor man!

QUASIMODO

(a sad smile)

You are thinking that was all that was lacking, aren't you? Yes, I am deaf. That's the way I am made. It's horrible, isn't it? And you, you are so beautiful.

The tone of the poor creature conveys such a profound feeling of wretchedness that Esmeralda is unable to speak.

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

I never realized how ugly I really am till now. When I compare myself to you, I pity myself indeed, poor unhappy monster that I am. I must look like a beast to you. But you? You are a sunbeam, a drop of dew, the song of a bird! I, I am something frightful, neither man nor beast, a something that's
(more)

QUASIMODO (Cont'd)
harder, more trod upon and more
unshapely than a stone.

He laughs, and it's the most heart-rending laughter in all the world. And as he laughs he winks and nods at the gargoyles around him, as if they were alive and sharing in his life. Esmeralda watches in uneasy fascination, then--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)
Yes, I am deaf, but you can speak to me with gestures and signs. My father talks to me like that. Then, I shall know your wishes by the movement of your lips and the expression of your eyes.

ESMERALDA
Well then--
(she remembers to smile)
tell me why you saved me.

QUASIMODO
I understand. You asked me why I saved you. You have forgotten a poor wretch that tried to carry you off one night-- a poor wretch that you brought relief to the very next day when he was tied to their shameful pillory. That drop of water and your pity are more than I could repay with my life. You have forgotten that wretch-- but he has remembered.

Esmeralda listens with profound emotion. And as a tear wells up in the hunchback's eye, she watches as how, like a point of honor, he holds it back.

Quasimodo makes a move as if to go, but compassion welling inside her, motions for him to stay.

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)
No, no! I must not stay too long. I am not at ease when you look at me. It is only out of pity that you don't turn your eyes away. I won't go far; trust me, even if you can't see me, I will be able to see you.

Then taking a silver whistle from his pocket, he hands it to her with--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

Here. If you want me for any reason and won't be too horrified at the sight of me, blow this. That and the bells are the only sounds I can hear.

And holding the whistle, Esmeralda watches as scuttling across the roof, Quasimodo disappears around a flange of stone.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - ANOTHER DAY

Esmeralda plays with Djali, the goat chasing her around columns between stacks of stone, beams and other tools and supplies left over since the last work was done on the cathedral.

Esmeralda laughs as darting around a corner onto the path that leads between the two towers and along the spine of the church as it were, she dodges the horns of her playful goat only to come upon--

QUASIMODO

huddled among the stone gargoyles, whispering into the ear of one that is smiling. Her laughter stops and the girl freezes. The hunchback spins out into her path.

QUASIMODO

Don't be afraid!

Esmeralda begins to retreat, as--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

My misfortune is that I am still too much like a man; I wish I were a beast completely, like your goat.

He holds out a huge, misshapen fist, but the gypsy girl turns and runs, neither of them noticing--

CLAUDE FROLLO

staring down at them from the window of his room in the north tower.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - SUNSET

Esmeralda sits at her window watching the sun set over the rooftops of Paris when--

HER DOORKNOB

jiggles, turns and opens. She spins, startled. It is Quasimodo. He doesn't enter. She forces herself to smile at him, and--

ESMERALDA

I'm sorry that I let myself be frightened...

The hunchback bobs his head in understanding, yet he seems more timid, more awkward than usual, and with a visibly great effort--

QUASIMODO

Listen to me. I have something to tell you.

Touching her ear she signs that she is listening. Quasimodo sighs, opens his lips, seems about to speak, then grabbing his forehead, he slowly withdraws from the doorway.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROOF - SUNSET

Esmeralda steps onto the roof. She sees Quasimodo sitting with his gargoyles watching the sunset.

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

Listen to me: we have very high towers here. If a man were to fall from one, he'd be dead before he reached the pavement.

(beating his chest)

When you want this ugly beast to fall, you won't even have to say a word-- a look from you will be enough for me.

She sighs, shaking her head, turns, then suddenly--

ACROSS THE SQUARE BELOW--

she catches sight of Phoebus dismounting from his horse before the door of Fleur-de-Lys's house. Moving to the very edge of the roof--

ESMERALDA

Phoebus!

Seeing her so close to danger, Quasimodo quickly leaps to her side, but she barely notices him as--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)

Phoebus! Come to me! A word, just one, in the name of God!

INT. CLAUDE FROLLO'S ROOM - SUNSET

Seated at his desk, the archdeacon wraps his head in his arms, his face taking on a tortured look as--

ESMERALDA (CONT'D/O.S.)
PHOEBUS! PHOEBUS!

Falling from his chair, he writhes on the ground.

EXT. THE ROOF - SUNSET

From their vantage point, Esmeralda and Quasimodo watch as Fleur-de-Lys escorts the captain inside.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
Oh God! He can't hear me...
Phoebus!

Esmeralda shoots frenzied eyes at the hunchback.

ESMERALDA (CONT'D)
Go! Run quickly! Bring him to me,
and I'll love you!

And bursting with joy she clasps her hands around him. Quasimodo shakes his head sorrowfully, and weakly--

QUASIMODO
I will bring him to you.

And with that, he turns and bounds for the stairs stifling his sobs.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - DUSK

Quasimodo lumbers across, the few frightened citizens darting from his path. Reaching the Gondelaurier house, Quasimodo stands by the captain's horse and waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE ROOF - NIGHT

Down, across the square Quasimodo still waits. As the last glimmer of light disappears from the sky and the hunchback disappears in the shadows, Esmeralda slowly makes her way to her room unaware that--

INT. THE NORTH TOWER - NIGHT

Claude Frollo watches her every move. As a lantern flames in the cell of sanctuary, the archdeacon gives a lustful smile knowing that her guardian is not there to protect her.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GONDELAURIER HOUSE - NIGHT

Quasimodo paces before the door, agitated by the FESTIVE SILHOUETTES moving against the windows. The cathedral clock BEGINS TOLLING ELEVEN--

CUT TO:

INT. THE SOUTH TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT

As the CLOCK CONTINUES ITS CHIMES, Claude Frollo waits in the stairway, his eyes fastened on Esmeralda's door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GONDELAURIER HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens. Phoebus strides out. Wrapping himself in a cloak he mounts his horse, only to give a CRY OF ALARM as--

QUASIMODO

grabs his reins.

QUASIMODO

Follow me, captain, someone wants to talk with you.

PHOEBUS

By God! Take your hands off my horse, you ugly monster!

QUASIMODO

Are you asking to know who it is?

PHOEBUS

I'm telling you to release my bridle!

Unable to hear this, Quasimodo instead asserts his brute strength and begins pulling the horse toward the cathedral.

QUASIMODO

Come, captain, it's a woman who's waiting for you. A woman who...who loves you.

PHOEBUS

You fool! You think I have time to see all the women who love me? Tell her I'm getting married in a week and that she can go to the devil!

QUASIMODO

Sir, listen, it's the gypsy girl. You know her.

Phoebus's eyes go wide, his nostrils flaring like his horse's. For a moment he freezes, then--

PHOEBUS

The gypsy girl? She's the last girl
I'd go to! She nearly ruined my
marriage to a fortune.

He violently kicks Quasimodo in the chest, smashing him to the ground. Then trying to trample him with his horse, Phoebus flees into the night.

Quasimodo pulls himself to his feet. Then slowly creeps toward the cathedral.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Claude Frollo quietly opens the door and steps inside. Esmeralda lies on her bed, the moon revealing--

HER NAKED BODY

beneath her slip. Slipping into the room, Frollo gently lays himself beside her on the bed. Esmeralda's eyes flash open as Frollo's arms encircle her body. She recognizes him immediately--

ESMERALDA

Get away, you murderer!

She tries to struggle free, but he holds her fast, covering her shoulders with kisses.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Mercy! Mercy! If you only knew
my love for you! I've accepted that
your devil is more powerful than
my God but his fire is like a
thousand knives in my heart!

ESMERALDA

Let me go or I'll scratch out your
eyes!

She strikes, but Frollo catches her wrists. Pinning both her hands above her head, he tears apart the front of her slip with--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Do whatever you like to me, but
please! Love me!

And as he writhes on top of her SHE SCREAMS and--

INT. THE SOUTH TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT

Quasimodo dejectedly climbs the stairs, unable to hear
ESMERALDA'S SCREAMS ECHOING all around him.

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Her slip almost torn completely off--

ESMERALDA

Help! Help me!

CLAUDE FROLLO

It's time to put an end to this!

But Esmeralda twists and fights. She catches sight of--

THE SILVER WHISTLE

lying on the floor. She struggles to free a hand.

INT. THE SOUTH TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT

Just outside Esmeralda's door. Her SCREAMS and FROLLO'S
GUTTURAL CRIES fly through the open portal, but although a
candle burns in the corridor, the room beyond is dark and--

QUASIMODO

looks sadly at the dark doorway, shaking his head. He sighs
and leans against the wall.

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Esmeralda's hand closes around the whistle.

INT. THE SOUTH TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT

Quasimodo gives one last look at the black doorway, then turns
to descend. Suddenly A SHRILL WHISTLE PIERCES the night.

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Startled by the whistle, the priest looks up just in time to
hear QUASIMODO'S ROAR, then Frolo is grabbed from behind and
hurled against a wall. As he falls to a heap on the floor, he
perceives--

QUASIMODO'S FORM

coming toward him.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Quasimodo! No! Stop!

But not recognizing his master in the darkness-- CRUNCH! the
hunchback hammers him again with his fist.

Frollo goes flying and--

ESMERALDA

watches as Quasimodo leaps on the priest, planting his bony knee in his chest, then reaches down, ready to snap the archdeacon's neck. The hunchback hesitates--

QUASIMODO

No bloodshed in her presence.

And Quasimodo begins dragging Frollo from the cell, only to tremble as they cross the threshold.

INT. THE SOUTH TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT

Frollo's face, illuminated by the flickering candlelight, causes Quasimodo to suddenly shrink back in fear. Standing in the doorway, Esmeralda watches with surprise as the two men reverse rolls--

FROLLO

rising, gesturing wildly and angrily at the hunchback who falls to his knees, wringing his hands like a scolded child and groaning--

QUASIMODO

Father, please leave her alone.

His passion fast draining, the priest casts crazy eyes between the hunchback and the gypsy, then with a soul-rending moan, he plunges down the staircase tearing at his hair.

Quasimodo raises his eye to Esmeralda, then looks away from her nakedness and murmurs--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

I couldn't find your captain.

Esmeralda doesn't respond.

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

I'll watch for him better next time.

A long moment passes, then overcome by fear at what has almost happened, and disappointment at what has not, her entire body shaking with sobs; it is more than this girl can take, and--

ESMERALDA

Go away! JUST GO AWAY!

Like a dog severely whipped, Quasimodo whirls away, heading up the stairs for the top of the tower.

EXT. THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

From far away, SLOWLY PUSH IN until Quasimodo is visible sitting on the edge of the tower among his gargoyles, looking for all the world like a man about to jump. But his arms are wrapped around the neck and shoulders of a winged-batlike beast, and it becomes clear that he is pouring his heart out to it. We don't hear much, but what we do hear sounds like this...

QUASIMODO

Oh, why am I not made of stone like you..?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. A PUBLIC MARKET - DAY

A crowd has gathered as between stalls of fish, Pierre Gringoire works his balancing act. He has graduated to two chairs, shifting them from the palm of his hand to his teeth, then he climbs onto the wheel of a cart.

The people are astonished. The wheel turns. Gringoire topples. The people applaud; Gringoire has perfected falling to an art and it has become part of the act. As he holds out--

HIS HAT

for coins, he goes from person to person collecting the odd bit of change, then to his surprise receives--

A SILVER CROWN

looking up at his benefactor he recognizes--

CLAUDE FROLLO

How are you, Master Gringoire?

GRINGOIRE

Well, I suppose I'm in fairly good health.

They consider one another, the priest smiling beneficently, then--

CLAUDE FROLLO

You're happy then with this-- this balancing act?

GRINGOIRE

Yes, I really am. I tell you: first
 I loved poetry--
 (he pockets his money)
 then I loved a woman--
 (he gathers his chairs)
 then her animal--
 (gesturing at the street
 before him)
 now I'm content to love the streets
 of Paris.

And with Frollo falling in step beside him he begins walking
 toward the river Seine with--

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

They are just as amusing as women
 and animals and they're much less
 treacherous.

CLAUDE FROLLO

That's true.

Reaching the river they walk along the quay for a moment
 before--

GRINGOIRE

So why did you seek me out,
 monseigneur?

CLAUDE FROLLO

It's about your wife.

GRINGOIRE

My wife?

CLAUDE FROLLO

Esmeralda, you said she was...

Interrupting him with a laugh--

GRINGOIRE

Yes, of course, we were married for
 a time by a broken jug... My, but
 what a pretty little goat she had!

Frollo sneers at the poet, fighting to conceal his agitation.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Well, then, don't you even know
 what's happened to her?

GRINGOIRE

She was trouble, I...

His voice trails off as they come in sight of the
 Isle-de-la-Cite, then Notre-Dame and--

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

Monseigneur, you aren't telling me that she left the sanctuary of your cathedral, are you?

CLAUDE FROLLO

No, it's true she's found refuge in Notre-Dame, but what no one knows is that in three days she'll be arrested again and hanged at the Place de Greve. Parliament has issued a decree.

They stop, Gringoire narrowing his eyes at the cathedral and--

GRINGOIRE

Who the devil would solicit such an order? What difference does it make to anyone if a poor girl takes refuge under the roof of Notre-Dame.

Gripping the poet's arm--

CLAUDE FROLLO

I fear she has enemies; nothing is sacred any more... But she saved your life once, didn't she?

GRINGOIRE

Yes, she saved me from my friends of the Court of Miracles. If it hadn't been for her, they'd have hanged me. But they'd be sorry for it now.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Oh, I'm sure...

They stare at each other for a moment, then--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Let me ask you, Master Gringoire, if I were to have a plan to save her, would you help me?

Rubbing his neck--

GRINGOIRE

I've already escaped the noose once, I--

CLAUDE FROLLO

(with fury)

Because she saved you!

Gringoire recoils, as--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)
 Where would you be without her?
 It was in God's plan that she save
 you, and it is God's will that you
 must help her. Do you turn your
 back on God?!

GRINGOIRE
 No, of course not, I-- I-- what do
 you want me to do..?

Frollo fixes Gringoire with his piercing gaze--

CLAUDE FROLLO
 Listen...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE COURT OF MIRACLES - NIGHT

Gringoire faces the vagabonds before the beggars' bonfire,
 finishing an impassioned plea with--

GRINGOIRE
 I ask you: are we not men and women
 of honor? Is nothing sacred any
 more?

The vagabonds look at the poet with little reaction. Gringoire
 gives Clopin a desperate look. Clopin offers the poet a
 reassuring nod, then leaps upon his barrel throne, a rusty sword
 in one hand, a mace in the other, shouting--

CLOPIN
 We've heard our poetical brother!
 Will we let Parliament take away
 our right to sanctuary?!

From the multitude of beggars, cripples, thieves, prostitutes,
 and drunken rif-raff comes a half-hearted--

THE VAGABONDS
 No...

With a nod to Gringoire who steps to the back of a cart, Clopin
 continues to try to bring passion to his people--

CLOPIN
 Then we must take up our weapons!

Gringoire throws open the gate. The cart is filled with axes,
 swords, bows, arrows, helmets and spears.

CLOPIN (CONT'D)
 We will march to Notre-Dame and
 rescue our sister, Esmeralda, the
 gypsy!

A PORTION OF THE VAGABONDS
 Here! Here!/To the cathedral!/Save
 the gypsy girl!

The denizens of this underbelly of Paris reluctantly begin to take up arms. Gringoire and Clopin exchange a worried glance until a drunken figure in a suit of armor, with a crossbow in one gauntlet, a whore in the other, hurls his half-naked prostitute aside. It is none other than--

JEHAN

My friends, my name is Jehan Frollo
 and I know this cathedral almost
 as well as the archdeacon!
 Brethren, we are on a noble
 expedition. Besiege the church,
 break down the doors, take out the
 pretty girl, but how can we really
 hurt those bastard judges and
 bishops..? We'll pillage
 Notre-Dame!

ALL OF THE VAGABONDS
 PILLAGE NOTRE-DAME!

Gringoire stops handing out weapons, looking askance at Jehan, not liking at all what he is hearing, but there is nothing he can do, every single one of the vagabonds is at the cart, while continuing--

JEHAN

I tell you there's gold and silver
 and jewels inside that place--
 enough for all! Our cause is just!

Just then the distant clock of Notre-Dame STRIKES TWELVE.

CLOPIN

It's midnight. Everyone fall in!

And as the heavily-armed vagabonds begin to form a huge line--

CLOPIN (CONT'D)

Everyone keep silence until we cross
 the river! And no torches until
 we get to Notre-Dame. Forward
 march!

As Clopin leads the army forward, Jehan Frollo drunkenly falls in place. Gringoire watches them march past, before he too joins the procession.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BELFRY - NIGHT

Carrying a hooded lantern, the hunchback moves among his bells. He pats one, strokes another, and kisses yet another with--

QUASIMODO

Goodnight, Jacqueline, goodnight
Marie...goodnight my children.

Then mounting the stairs he ambles his way up the stairs.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE NORTH TOWER - NIGHT

A dark, night-shrouded Paris lays out before the hunchback; a wind ruffles his shock of unruly red hair. Setting down his lantern he looks over Paris, his eye catching some kind of movement on--

A STREET BY THE RIVER

As Quasimodo watches, it seems that a giant black snake is slithering along the quay, headed in the direction of the cathedral. Then the line stops; the street returns to normal. Suddenly--

THE BLACK MOVING LINE

reappears, writhing its way toward the Place de Notre-Dame. Quasimodo catches his breath, and an instant later--

A CROWD

is spreading itself over the square. This made all the more frightening by the UTTER SILENCE OF THE EVENT. For a moment, the bellringer is frozen in indecision, as hearing nothing it seems to him a legion of the dead are advancing on the cathedral. His eye darting around the tower--

QUASIMODO

grabs his skull in confusion. He doesn't know what to do, then realization cutting through the fog of his mind--

QUASIMODO (CONT'D)

They've come for her. They'll not
have her!

And like an ape, he leaps to the stairs.

INT. THE NORTH TOWER - NIGHT

He flies through the tower taking four steps at a time, his humped back and jutting chest, colliding with the curving walls in turn, then he's out on--

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - NIGHT

He hurls himself to the parapet. A torch flares up below. Then more... Seven, eight, ten, twenty. And Quasimodo can now distinctly see--

A FRIGHTFUL TROOP OF MEN AND WOMEN

Wearing rags, armed with sickles, pikes, pruning-hooks, swords all sparkling in the firelight. Around the square, windows are thrown open by the curious, then SLAMMED and LOCKED in fear.

As this army of the night spreads out, Clopin Trouillefou leaps onto the steps of the cathedral and begins to wave his torch and address the church, but--

THE HUNCHBACK

HEARS NOTHING, and watching the King of the Court of Miracles gesture and shout, he truly knows the deepest of fears.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

Continuing to shout at the massive church doors--

CLOPIN

...that one of our sisters, falsely
accused of witchcraft has taken
refuge in--

EXT. THE GALLERY OF KINGS - NIGHT

His mind in a whirl, Quasimodo scans the gallery for a solution. Suddenly he spins and running between the arches, he throws himself at--

AN ENORMOUS WOODEN BEAM

With a strength increased tenfold by the sense of danger, he hefts it over his hump.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

CLOPIN (CONT'D)

...surrender the girl to us if you
would save your church; otherwise
we will take her and pillage the
church, in witness whereof I here
plant my banner. God have mercy
on you, Bishop of Paris!

A vagabond hands Clopin his banner. As the King of the Court of Miracles plants it between two cobbles--

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - NIGHT

Quasimodo reaches the parapet. Transferring the massive weight of the beam from his back to the wall his eye lights up at the sight of Clopin's banner--

A PITCHFORK IMPALING A DEAD AND BLOODY DOG

Wordlessly the hunchback hurls the enormous beam over the edge.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

Whistling through the air, the beam falls, hitting the wall, breaking off sculpture, turning over several times before landing amidst--

THE VAGABONDS

crushing the first line of them, then, ACCOMPANIED BY SCREAMS, it bounces out among the rest.

A VAGABOND

It's the devil!

ANOTHER VAGABOND

She is a witch! It's magic!

And as the vagabonds retreat from the cathedral, many of them firing arrows up at the gargoyles and saints as if they believe they've come alive--

CLOPIN

remains steadfast.

CLOPIN

You pack of fools! It's only the priests defending themselves! And they've given us a battering ram! Tear down the door! Steal all the gold!

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - NIGHT

As the vagabonds regroup, trying to raise the enormous beam and use it to break through the doors--

QUASIMODO

lurches back to the work area. Effortlessly, he begins piling stones at the parapet as with a RESOUNDING THUD the vagabonds attack the doors.

INT. THE CHURCH - NIGHT

All this time the priests have not been idle. Chairs, tables, cupboards are all stacked against the THUDDING DOOR.

Many of them PRAY. But nowhere among them is the archdeacon.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! BAM! the vagabonds drive their battering ram against the thick Gothic door only to be thrown back in SCREAMING PAIN and horror as--

HUGE STONES

begin raining upon them.

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - NIGHT

Watching the stones hit and kill, Quasimodo grunts ferociously. He answers the vagabonds' screams with more of the same.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

For his part, Gringoire has watched the raging battle from the far end of the square. Suddenly he is seized by the arm and spun around to face--

CLAUDE FROLLO

dressed in his hooded robe and black hat.

CLAUDE FROLLO

Come, the boat is ready, I'll lead
you to the girl.

As he says this, however, a great fire leaps up between the towers.

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - NIGHT

Having run out of stone, Quasimodo has built a fire beneath a melting pot. He feeds sheets of lead, (like the ones that cover the entire cathedral roof), into the fiery pot. They slowly begin to melt. Meanwhile--

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Terrified by the SOUND OF BATTLE outside, Esmeralda sits on her bed, clutching her blankets to her chin as she shakes with fear.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

Their attention caught by the fire--

VAGABONDS

There's a demon moving up there!/The
cathedral's coming to life!/No!
It's the mad bellringer!/It's
Quasimodo!/KILL THE HUNCHBACK OF
NOTRE-DAME!

But BAM! BAM! BAM! the thick Gothic doors are taking a long time to splinter. Clopin's expression begins to show worry, then abruptly he catches sight of something and grins--

CLOPIN

That's the way, boy! Assault the battlements!

The source of his excitement is revealed to be--

JEHAN

racing to the front of the church with a ladder. Glowing red in the flicker of the fire above, he quickly mounts the ladder and followed by dozens of vagabonds, swiftly climbs.

At that same instant, Claude Frollo and Gringoire thread their way around the vagabond army. Frollo suddenly stops, his eyes transfixed by the sight of his brother, leaving the ladder and scaling the wall beneath--

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - NIGHT

Still melting his molten lead, Quasimodo, is taken by surprise as Jehan leaps over the parapet.

JEHAN

There you are you, stupid ape!
Quasimodo the deaf-- you are about
to become Quasimodo the blind! Turn
me your ugly eye, you idiot!

Sensing Jehan's arrival, Quasimodo pivots. Recognition crosses his face, followed by the beginnings of a smile and--

QUASIMODO

Help me save the gyp--

FWWAP! Jehan fires a crossbow bolt drilling through the hunchback's arm. It is no more to Quasimodo than a mosquito bite and his HOWL is of anger as WHACK! he backhands the foolish student across the gallery, then leaps to--

THE LADDER

A twenty foot climb up the gargoyled and sculpted facade is all that separates the hunchback from the ladder-full of people.

QUASIMODO

lets out a despairing cry, then seizes both of Jehan's hands in one of his and begins tearing the armor from the boy, piling it at his feet, until Jehan is disarmed, unprotected and weak. Quasimodo is about to release him when laughing in his face--

JEHAN

You are the ugliest, stupidest
monster-- what're you going to do
now, bellringer?

With a ROAR, Quasimodo rushes Jehan to the edge of the gallery.
The boy stops laughing.

On the wall, and in the square everyone freezes.

Then Quasimodo lifts him up by his feet, swings him over his
head with one hand then brings his body smashing down across
the stone face of the church.

JEHAN'S HEAD

explodes.

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

Gringoire watches, horrified, then falls to his knees. Frolo's
face is unreadable. Yanking the poet to his feet, he shoves--

A KEY

into his hand.

CLAUDE FROLLO

This will unlock the Porte-Rouge.
From the cloister you can get to
the tower. Get the girl. I'll be
waiting at the boat.

Collecting his wits, Gringoire dashes out of sight around the
church's side.

EXT. THE GALLERY OF KINGS - NIGHT

Arrows, spears and axes clatter around the hunchback, his last
display of violence making the vagabonds go crazy. It is then
that Quasimodo tilts over the melting pot. Into the raingutters
pours--

A STREAM OF MOLTEN LEAD

EXT. THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

Numerous vagabonds work their way up the wall, using--

THE JUTTING HEADS OF GARGOYLES

to pull themselves up. The gargoyles are the rainspouts.
Proceeded by a blast of steam--

MOLTEN LEAD

shoots from the gargoyles' mouths, instantly incinerating everyone on the facade and on the ladder, then raining down into--

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

The jets of liquid fire spray out over the vagabonds turning them to screaming piles of ash. Even Clopin runs from under this molten gimlet of flame.

EXT. THE GALLERY OF THE KINGS - NIGHT

Quasimodo watches in SILENT TRIUMPH as the attacking army is utterly repulsed. As they begin running from the square, the hunchback throws himself to his knees and raises his arms to heaven.

But the vagabonds do not make it out of the square. Suddenly charging in from every street come--

THE KING'S CAVALRY

their sabers fly, cutting down the panicked fleeing mob, and--

EXT. THE PLACE DE NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

Phoebus de Chateaupers leads this "rescue." Clopin Trouillefou is the first to fall under his blade, then be trampled by his hooves.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Esmeralda cries out as the door bursts open.

ESMERALDA

Quasimodo?

GRINGOIRE

No it is I, Pierre Gringoire, poet and your one-time husband.

ESMERALDA

What?! I don't understand-- what's happening?!

Sweeping the room with his gaze--

GRINGOIRE

There's no time to explain. I'm here to save you. Friends have a boat waiting in the river. You must come now!

ESMERALDA

But what's happening out there?

Grabbing her by the arm and pulling her to her feet--

GRINGOIRE

The hunchback has gone crazy! Come!

Suddenly the poet notices Djali. Releasing Esmeralda, he lovingly picks up the goat, then steps to the door with--

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)

Follow me!

EXT. THE TOWER STAIRS - NIGHT

The SOUND OF BATTLE still echoing, Esmeralda races after the poet and her goat. Leaving the stairs they fly into--

A CORRIDOR

Then, using his key, Gringoire leads Esmeralda through a door.

EXT. THE BACK OF NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

The night is black like death. They race down a stoney path to the river.

A SMALL BOAT

waits for them. Gringoire reaches it first, climbing in with the goat. As Esmeralda arrives--

A HAND

shoots out for hers, pulling her in with--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Do not be afraid.

Esmeralda SCREAMS at the sight of the black priest, and as he throws her into the boat--

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOORS TO NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

The battle is over. Phoebus POUNDS on the doors.

PHOEBUS

Open up in the name of King Louis the XI of France. We have a warrant for the arrest of the gypsy witch, Esmeralda.

INT. NOTRE-DAME - NIGHT

The priests exchange looks, then slowly open the doors.

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - NIGHT

Intoxicated with joy, Quasimodo leaps into Esmeralda's room shouting--

QUASIMODO

You're safe! They're gone! They're gone...

She isn't there. Behind him comes the SUDDEN APPROACH OF FOOTSTEPS. Quasimodo doesn't hear. Like a child he steps to her bed and lifts her blanket as though she might magically appear beneath it. It isn't until--

PHOEBUS

violently spins him around that Quasimodo realizes the woman he loves has left him. Striking the hunchback in the face--

PHOEBUS

Where is she?! Where have you hidden her?!

Tearing himself from Phoebus's grip, murder flaring in his eyes--

QUASIMODO

SHE'S GONE! YOU'VE ALL DRIVEN HER AWAY!

Phoebus steps back into the safety of the archers who surround him. Falling to his knees, the hunchback tears at his hair in utter devastation, then he hurls himself with all his might headfirst against the wall. He slumps to the floor but continues to beat his head against the stone like the clapper beating inside one of his bells.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOAT - NIGHT

The Isle de la Cite left somewhere in the black, early morning fog, Gringoire sits in the bow petting the goat, while Frollo rows, facing Esmeralda who is frozen in the terror of a waking nightmare.

GRINGOIRE

My God, we're about as merry as a bunch of owls!

Frollo simply sighs. Esmeralda gasps; it's a sigh she's heard before.

CLUNK! The boat hits the shore. As Gringoire and Djali are the first to pile out, the poet turns his head in the direction they've come.

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)
Listen! The noise is getting
louder!

And even as he speaks, torches can be seen fanning out around the cathedral, soldiers moving their way with shouts of--

THE SOLDIERS
The gypsy girl! The witch! Death
to the gypsy girl!

Turning back to the boat, fear constricting his throat--

GRINGOIRE
Monseigneur, I've done what I
promised, but on a night like
tonight--

He flashes a look to the approaching soldiers--

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)
--there's no safety in numbers...

Frollo doesn't answer. Gringoire looks at Esmeralda. She is crying.

GRINGOIRE (CONT'D)
Don't cry Esmeralda, I know goodbyes
are hard... I've-- I've got to go.
Farewell.

ESMERALDA
No! Help me! Help me!

But the hypocritical, vain, coward carries Djali off into the darkness. He knows what's happening; he wants no part of it. Frollo climbs from the boat. He extends his hand to Esmeralda with--

CLAUDE FROLLO
Come.

The gypsy girl wraps her arms around herself and cries out, but the priest pulls her from the boat and drags her off into the night.

EXT. THE PLACE DE GREVE - NIGHT

Frollo propels Esmeralda before him until they are in the middle of the square. Before them stands--

THE GALLOWS

Frollo stops. He removes his hat and lowers his cowl. The SOUND OF SOLDIERS drifts faintly from the distance. Esmeralda falls to her knees before the priest as--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

I love you, Esmeralda. I love you completely. I have just now saved your life. I can save it completely if you'll let me.

Suddenly dragging her right up to the gallows, he points.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Choose between us.

Esmeralda half turns her beautiful head, staring at the priest over her shoulder as she clutches the base of the gallows, and for a moment she looks like the Virgin Mary before the cross. Then slowly, calmly knowing full well the weight of her decision--

ESMERALDA

This is less horrible to me than you are.

Still pointing at the gallows, Frollo lets his hand fall. In the distance THE SOLDIERS' APPROACH GROWS LOUDER.

CLAUDE FROLLO

But I love you...

Then falling to his knees, burying his face in his hands the priest begins to cry.

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Have pity-- do not condemn us both! I've abandoned everything! I've spit in the face of my God! For you, enchantress-- to be more worthy of your hell!

Suddenly seizing the girl, Frollo clasps her in his arms and kissing her--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

You must either belong to me or die!

Struggling in his arms Esmeralda cries out--

ESMERALDA

Don't bite me you monster! I tell you I belong to my Phoebus! It is he that I love! Phoebus who's handsome! You priest, are ugly and old! Go away!

The priest lets out a WAIL, then pulling the gypsy girl to her feet, drags her across the square to--

THE TOWER OF ROLAND

with--

CLAUDE FROLLO

Then die!

And turning to the window--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Recluse! Recluse! Here's the gypsy girl! Hold tight and take your vengeance.

The face of the Tower Recluse appears in the window. She grabs Esmeralda's arm with a grip of iron as--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

Don't let her go, I'll get the soldiers!

These deadly words are answered by a guttural laugh. Esmeralda watches in horror as the priest runs off in the direction of the soldiers, then she begins fighting to free herself from the recluse's grip.

EXT. A WIDE STREET - NIGHT

Soldiers with torches search dark corners, doorways and alleys for the gypsy girl, as from one end of the street Frolo strides purposefully toward Phoebus and the master torturer as they enter from the other.

They meet in the middle. They converse but their words go unheard until Frolo steps back, letting Phoebus call to the others--

PHOEBUS

Everyone! She's been found! To the Place de Greve!

And as the soldiers take off, Frolo covers his head with his hood and turning toward the dark facade of Notre-Dame which looms in the background over the street, slowly begins walking toward his church.

EXT. THE PLACE DE GREVE - NIGHT

Esmeralda fights even harder against the brutal grip of the Tower Recluse, as--

THE TOWER RECLUSE

They're going to hang you!

Looking into the savage face behind the bars--

ESMERALDA

What have I ever done to you?

THE TOWER RECLUSE

What have you done to me! Ah, gypsy girl, I had a child! A lovely little girl...

(she kisses something
in the darkness)

Your people took her from me! Stole her! Ate her!

ESMERALDA

But I probably wasn't even born then!

THE TOWER RECLUSE

Oh, yes, you must have been born. I'm only thirty-eight years old, it was sixteen years ago. She'd be about your age right now... I've been here for fifteen years, praying, beating my head-- Ah, you gypsy mothers, you killed my child-- now come and see yours die!

The sky begins to faintly glow with the coming dawn. Now Esmeralda can hear voices--

THE SOLDIERS

Death to the witch! Death! Death!

Trying to twist away from the Tower Recluse--

ESMERALDA

They're almost here! Have mercy, madame! Let me escape! Let me go! I can't die like that!

THE TOWER RECLUSE

Give me back my child!

ESMERALDA

In the name of God, let me go!

THE TOWER RECLUSE

GIVE ME BACK MY CHILD!

Giving up, Esmeralda falls back against the stones in exhaustion. With a pitiful laugh--

ESMERALDA

You're looking for your child, while I've spent my life looking for my parents.

THE TOWER RECLUSE
 Give me back my Agnes! All you foul
 gypsies left was her shoe! Give
 her back!

The Tower Recluse thrusts the tiny, rotting shoe through the
 bars. Esmeralda gasps.

ESMERALDA
 Oh my God!

Her free hand tears at her dress, pulling free the canvas bag
 from around her neck.

THE TOWER RECLUSE
 That's right, finger your devilish
 amulet! gypsy demon!

But Esmeralda struggles to open the bag. Inside is--
 AN IDENTICAL SHOE

A brief moment that feels like an eternity passes, then barely
 audible--

THE TOWER RECLUSE
 ...my...daughter...

She releases Esmeralda's wrist. Esmeralda spins clutching the
 bars, tears streaming down her cheeks--

ESMERALDA
 ...mother..? Mother?

THE SOLDIERS

thunder into the square.

THE TOWER RECLUSE

thrusts her arms through the bars wrapping them around her
 daughter SCREAMING--

THE TOWER RECLUSE
 MY DAUGHTER! MY DAUGHTER! I'VE
 FOUND MY DAUGHTER!

ESMERALDA
 Save me! Save me, mother! They're
 coming to kill me! Save me!

Esmeralda begins choking with sobs.

A SOLDIER
 There she is!

Led by the master torturer, the mass of soldiers charge across the square toward the gypsy girl.

THE TOWER RECLUSE

Hold me, Agnes! Hold me! God, will
not allow this!

But even as she says this, soldiers tear--

ESMERALDA

from her mother. The two women reach for each other in vain as the gypsy girl is carried to the gallows.

ESMERALDA

MOTHER! HELP ME!

THE TOWER RECLUSE

TAKE PITY! AREN'T ANY OF YOU
PARENTS?! THIS IS MY CHILD! MY
CHILD!

A ROPE

is thrown over the gibbet. Esmeralda's head is fitted through the noose. And as dawn breaks--

ESMERALDA

is carried up the ladder by a soldier who looks to--

THE MASTER TORTURER

for instructions.

THE MASTER TORTURER

Just get it over with quickly.

The soldier nods. And trying to ignore the SCREAMS OF THE TWO WOMEN, Phoebus turns his horse from the square and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELL OF SANCTUARY - DAWN

His head dripping blood, Quasimodo's frenzy is over. Panting with exhaustion he staggers to his feet and stumbles through the door.

EXT. THE NORTH TOWER OF NOTRE-DAME - DAWN

Quasimodo wanders onto the platform overlooking the mediaeval city. Claude Frollo stands at the railing looking at something in the distance. So intent is the priest, he doesn't even notice--

QUASIMODO

approach behind him. He follows the priest's line of vision to--

THE PLACE DE GREVE

God, making the hunchback less than every man in every other sense, gave him one good eye more powerful than an eagle's.

WE ZOOM WITH HIS VISION

to the sight of the gallows. A soldier holds a woman over his shoulder-- a woman dressed in white with a rope around her neck. Suddenly the master torturer kicks the ladder away, the soldier riding the girl's body to the end of the rope.

ESMERALDA

writhes in a series of twisting convulsions, then dies. Quasimodo stops breathing. As though speaking to the dead gypsy--

CLAUDE FROLLO

In the end my God wouldn't let you
and your monstrous demons destroy
me.

But as he slowly turns for the stairs--

QUASIMODO

blocks his path. Their eyes meet and hold, then--

CLAUDE FROLLO (CONT'D)

The gypsy witch's death was God's
will.

And with a dismissive gesture the priest steps forward. The hunchback retreats two steps, then rushing furiously at his adoptive father--

QUASIMODO'S TWO HUGE HANDS

strike Frolo in the chest, pushing him over the balustrade and into the abyss.

EXT. THE FACADE OF NOTRE-DAME -DAWN

Frolo hits a gargoyle. He grabs it, hanging two hundred feet from the pavement, he looks up into--

QUASIMODO'S VENGEFUL FACE

less than an arm's reach away. Frolo remains silent. He tries to climb the granite figure. Quasimodo watches the priest, tears streaming down the hunchback's cheek. CRACK!

the gargoyle breaks beneath his grip. As half the gargoyle falls away, Frolo quickly grabs--

THE LEAD PIPE

which, now exposed, fastened the gargoyle to the wall. The priest pants, sweat streaming down his bald forehead. Quasimodo continues to silently cry. Frolo glances down at the square below, then, gathering all his strength, begins to pull himself onto the stone encrusted pipe but at that instant, the pipe bends perpendicular to the ground and--

HIS HANDS

slip down the pipe.

QUASIMODO

does nothing. Frolo closes his eyes. He releases the pipe. He falls. Halfway down he starts hitting the gargoyles, once, twice...three times... Then he hits the pavement, instantly becoming a shapeless mass.

The hunchback raises his eyes toward the Place de Greve and Esmeralda.

QUASIMODO

Oh! All that I ever loved!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTFAUCON - NIGHT

The shape of a cart is barely visible as it proceeds up a hill outside the city. Inside the cart lies Esmeralda's body. Atop the hill is an ancient place of execution.

A massive edifice of curious form it resembles a sacrificial druidic monument. It is a heavy oblong mass of stonework fifteen feet high, thirty feet wide, forty feet long, with an exterior ramp and a platform.

On this platform rise sixteen enormous pillars of unhewn moldy stone, thirty feet high, connected at their top by heavy-- though rotting-- beams from which rusty chains hang at frequent intervals. From the ends of these chains hang--

SKELETONS

The place is covered with nesting crows and looks as if it hasn't been used for a number of years. At the base of the mound there is a door to the vault, and it is to--

THE VAULT

that the cart driver carries Esmeralda's body. The cart driver is Quasimodo.

Inside are the rotting corpses of everyone hanged in Paris in the past one hundred years. He carries her inside.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTFAUCON - DAY

The SCREEN READS:

"TWENTY YEARS LATER"

The place is swarming with WORKMEN. While one group tears down the platform; gibbet stones; chains and skeletons; another group use their crowbars to pry open--

INT. THE VAULT - DAY

Light floods in as the iron door is broken open. The WORKMEN SWEAR at the smell and recoil at the sight illuminated by their lamps. The vault is filled with--

ONE THOUSAND SKELETONS

The workmen cautiously enter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE MOUNTFAUCON VAULT - LATER

FIRST WORKMAN

(eyes wide)

Henri! Look at this!

A Second Workman joins the first, standing over--

TWO SKELETONS CLASPED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS

One of the skeletons wears the tatters of a white dress, and around her broken neck, hangs an open canvas bag. The other skeleton holds the first in heavy-boned arms.

THE SECOND WORKMAN

Look at that one's spine...

Indeed the second skeleton's spine is crooked, the head compressed between the shoulder blades, and one leg is shorter than the other.

THE FIRST WORKMAN

Funny, his neck isn't broken at all... What is this?

But when the workmen try to detach the pair--

THE TWO SKELETONS
turn to dust.

FADE OUT.

THE END